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# HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

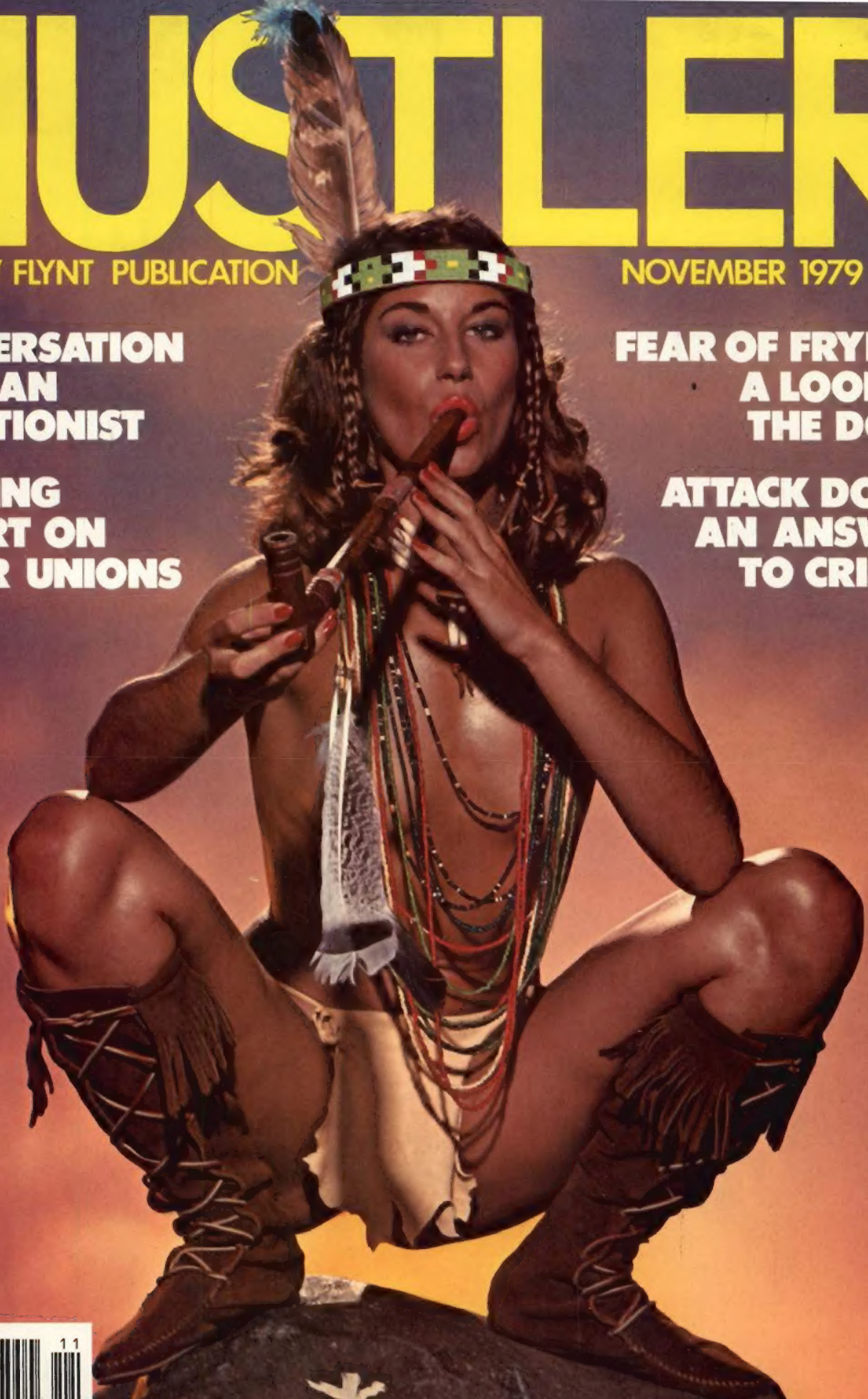
NOVEMBER 1979 \$2.95

**CONVERSATION  
WITH AN  
ABORTIONIST**

**STRIKING  
REPORT ON  
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**FEAR OF FRYING:  
A LOOK AT  
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**ATTACK DOGS:  
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The next time you light up, don't worry about dying. Worry about living.

It can be a fate worse than death.

**A Public Service Announcement from Hustler Magazine.**



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## No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

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**HUSTLER NOVEMBER 1979 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 5**

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## PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# No Choice Again?

**F**or the last 191 years power in the federal government has at any given moment been the result of a contest between two major groups. Today we call that contest the two-party system, and most Americans believe that the majority of voters identify themselves with either the Democratic or the Republican party.

This belief is far from the truth. According to *U.S. News & World Report*, only 18% of the voters identify themselves with the Republican Party, and only 42% label themselves as Democrats. In other words, both parties are *minority* parties; neither one represents a majority of the voters.

Party loyalty, which used to be handed down from father to son, has been declining steadily since World War II. One reason for this, Georgetown University Professor Jeane Kirkpatrick believes, is the declining strength of the family. "People traditionally inherit their party identification from their parents," says political scientist Kirkpatrick, "... but that's not happening to the same extent it used to." Weakened by a host of social pressures, family ties are not as strong as they once were, and the political result for many young people is an increased desire to think independently.

The decreasing strength of America's two traditional parties underscores the lack of choice that will face the voters on Election Day in 1980. Whichever ex-governors, senators and the like the two parties attempt to promote as presidential candidates, the fact remains that they will be partisan politicians who will owe debts to the power elite and to the special-interest groups that supported their campaigns. Because of this, *no* Republican or Democratic choice will genuinely represent the people in that election year.

When Jimmy Carter ran for office three years ago, he was touted as an independent maverick who was bucking

the system in the name of the people. In fact, as an ex-governor and member of the Trilateral Commission (a group of multinational political and business leaders banded together under David Rockefeller to influence American policy) he was as much a part of the Democrat's political machine as Lyndon Johnson was.

What alternatives do we have in 1980? The best bet for true representation of this country's needs may well be the National Libertarian Party. The strongest of the independent groups currently organizing across the nation, the Libertarians stand for a return to a free-market economy and *genuine* civil liberties (which means getting the government out of victimless crime).


As we go to press, the Libertarian presidential candidate has still to be nominated. The choice is between Ed Clark, a Los Angeles attorney who has been a member of the Libertarians' national committee since the party's inception in 1972, and William Hunscher, a New Hampshire millionaire businessman. Frankly, both men think pretty much alike on the issues of the day, and both are committed to the main planks of the Libertarian platform: free enterprise and the limitation of federal powers. The only tolerable activity undertaken by governments, say the Libertarians, is the protection of individual rights against violence.

You may or may not agree with the Libertarian platform. But I'm sure you'll agree with me on one thing: As we approach another election year, we need a political party that will truly represent the *people*, not the politicians.

A stylized, handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in dark ink.

Publisher &  
Chairman of the Board





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**P**eople frequently ask us what it's *really* like to work at HUSTLER. You can tell by the gleam in their eyes that they suspect we crank out the magazine in fleeting moments of spare time between orgies. Those of us who work here wish it were like that, but turning out high-quality HUSTLERs is truly a full-time job.

For instance, staffers BRUCE DAVID and LEE QUARNSTROM spent hours scheming together to come up with humor concepts for FEAR OF FRYING, our look at the controversial DC-10 jetliner. The HUSTLER Art Department worked its collective ass off designing the feature and finding props, but the prize for work performed above and beyond the call of duty goes to Contributing Photographer ROBERT REIFF. Charged with snapping photographs of DC-10s at airports in the Los Angeles area, Reiff disguised himself as an airport employee and snuck onto runways to get the crucial shots. He says the assignment was fun but nerve-wracking.

The DC-10 disaster in Chicago this past spring has made flying a scary proposition these days. But fear isn't confined to the airlines. The spread of violent crime has left many Americans feeling terror in their own living rooms. In ATTACK DOGS Executive Editor LEE QUARNSTROM explores some people's efforts to regain peace of mind with the help of Man's Best Friend. The accompanying illustration is by REN WICKS.

Peace of mind didn't come easily



to writer MARK ZUSSMAN after he finished his profile of BILL BAIRD: ABORTION ADVOCATE. The time that Zussman—formerly associate editor at *Esquire* and editor-in-chief at *Oui*—spent with Baird provoked him to reexamine his own ideas about abortion. Mark still believes in it, but he now says, "If I were a woman, I wouldn't let a vacuum aspirator between my legs without a feeling of some solemnity." The artwork for the profile was supplied by RON KRISS, known for his movie posters and award-winning illustrations in *Rolling Stone* and *Psychology Today*.

For those women who choose to have kids, labor pains are a clear signal that something new is about to enter the world. Our economy is suffering from a different sort of labor pain, and in UNIONS IN TROUBLE: STRIKING OUT IN AMERICA

journalist ROBERT MCGARVEY tells how Big Labor may be in big trouble during the 1980s. The companion illustration was supplied by LESLIE CABARGA, whose work has graced the pages of *Rolling Stone*, *National Lampoon*, the *New York Times* and *CHIC*.

This month we're also glad to welcome back ROY CAMPBELL, who shows he hasn't lost his bizarre touch in a tale of romance and revenge entitled THREE WOMEN. This is the third story in HUSTLER for Campbell, a free-lance writer living in Massachusetts. The art for Roy's story is courtesy of long-time HUSTLER contributor ALEX EBEL.

Last but certainly not least this month are our photo-features. Contributing Photographer JAMES BAES gives us living proof that getting up at the crack of dawn is well worth the trouble in DEBBIE: TEQUILA SUNRISE, our centerfold. And in COFFEE: HOT & BLACK Baes serves something to get you going once you're up. CLIVE McLEAN found that playtime doesn't end when the doors close in THE TOY SHOPPE. And Clive's beat goes on in RHYTHM METHOD.

In closing, we'd like to take this opportunity to welcome back Associate Publisher BRUCE DAVID, who'd flown the coop for nine months or so. Since Bruce's return Art Director Jim Chada seems to have aged ten years and Managing Editor Jim Heinisch has fallen off the wagon after going 48 straight days without a drop of demon rum. Nice to have you back, Bruce. 🍷



Lee Quarnstrom

Bruce David



Robert Reiff



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Mark Zussman





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**Very Sexy:** I am writing in regard to the cover of the August HUSTLER. The bikini top on the model is *very* sexy. Could you please send me the name of the company or store from which it can be purchased?

—Larry Rochacz  
Cicero, Illinois

*Sorry, guy, we made the suit ourselves.*

**Black Humor:** I am writing to commend you on the full-page cartoon that appeared in the August HUSTLER, depicting a black man and a chimpanzee staring at each other. The cartoon suggests, by the appearance of the two figures, that the black man and the chimp have the same mental level. Scientific studies have produced evidence that chimpanzees are very intelligent animals, although they cannot speak. The fact that some blacks can speak and sometimes even read and write does not mean they are as intelligent as chimps. Stop criticizing the mental level of animals that can't speak to defend themselves. —Concerned Zoologist  
Stockton, California

**Double Exposure:** Browsing through *Beaver Hunt* in the August HUSTLER, we noticed a familiar face, a certain Marcia Zavala, whose photo was credited to K. J. Garton. She appears to have the same face (and other features) as one "Toni," who we found in the January issue of *Club* magazine, with photographs by James Ballard. We thought this contest was for amateurs only. What gives?

—Albert Palmer and Joe Lawrence  
Batavia, New York

*You are obviously referring to the photo at the bottom of this page. It's a real shame some people will resort to such tactics to get some recognition and 50 bucks.*

**Beaver Fever:** Has HUSTLER thought about putting out a magazine showing all the *Beaver Hunt* rejects? A magazine of this type would be as great as HUSTLER REJECTS. Any chance you'll publish one?

—Joann Grimes  
Aloha, Oregon

*You bet! Our special edition of *Beaver Hunt*—with 96 pages of previously unpublished photos—is scheduled to go on sale October 23.*

**Who's Pissed?** I would like to state that the back cover of your issue stating that JESUS IS COMING SOON AND BOY, IS HE PISSED! is disgusting. I really feel sorry for you for printing such a disgraceful message in order to make money. I hope God forgives you, because you need forgiveness.

—Chris Halnum  
Islington, Ontario, Canada

In reading some of the comments in the August issue of HUSTLER, I was reminded



of a bumper sticker my husband made a couple of years ago. Oddly enough, it read, "Jesus is coming and man, is he pissed." I put the sticker on the back window of our station wagon. While I was at the Post Office one day, some indignant, narrow-minded person ripped part of it off. I wasn't mad. I just laughed, for it proved that this supposedly Christian person had missed the whole point and didn't even know that Jesus was a great teacher. The next bumper sticker went on the inside of the windows. Thanks for a true and honest magazine.

—The Bartender  
Sun City, Arizona

**Cock Tale:** HUSTLER has again run its caricatures of the private parts of some public people, in your *Celebrity Cox* feature in August. You should share the fun with the subjects themselves by mailing them the original artwork. Because Idi Amin left no forwarding address, I'll accept his portrait in his place.

—R. E. L.  
Syracuse, New York

*We haven't had any requests yet for artwork from the celebrities featured.*

**Falling Empire:** You are doing a great job. I especially liked the article *The Fall of the Greek and Roman Empires* (September). Please do the world a favor and submit it to the *Reader's Digest*. If they don't print it, I'll cancel my subscription.

—Joe Olpin  
Sacramento, California

*Thanks for the kind thoughts.*

It was by accident that I happened to pick up your magazine. I read and enjoyed the editorial content, but I was shocked by the pictorials. Certainly you are entitled to freedom of the press, but I wonder if you realize the damage your magazine (along with many others that are published) is doing to our society. The Roman Empire was something like our society until it too crumbled. I bring this matter to your attention because I heard that Larry Flynt was converted to Jesus Christ. —Charles Bartek  
Wharton, New Jersey

*We're glad you enjoy the editorial content. You might want to reread *The Fall of the Greek and Roman Empires* in the September HUSTLER, in which Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen show that sexual matters had nothing to do with the demise of the classical civilizations. They fell because of their corrupt bureaucracies.*

**The Young Girl:** I was reading the July issue of HUSTLER when I came to your section on new books. You had a review of *The Young Girl* by David Hamilton. There was no address to write to for the book. Can you tell me how I can get it?

—John Faist  
Detroit, Michigan



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*Lots of readers have asked the same question. If you can't find The Young Girl at your local bookstore, write to William Morrow and Company, Inc., 105 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. It sells for \$22.95.*

**Grim Mug:** First, I have only one criticism of Larry Flynt. It is not related to his religious beliefs or his advocacy of them, but to his picture! HUSTLER is a pleasant, casual, happily arousing magazine, but Larry's grim countenance—which appears with disturbing regularity among those erotic pages—has, shall we say, a diminishing effect. End of HUSTLER criticism.

Second, on another subject, I cannot comprehend the rationale behind the TV networks' decision that I cannot say publicly, "I think you would be wonderful to fuck," but I may freely shout, "Damn you all to hell!" at my audience. In other words, I may not offer to a woman (or a man) the most pleasant experience I am able to offer, but I may freely express my desire to see millions suffer the most hideous torment imaginable for the remainder of eternity.

A few feet away from me is a copy of the Fifth Anniversary issue of HUSTLER (July). It pleases me that you have been able to take a stand for this long, and I am certain that you will be able to continue your fearless battle for another five years and more.

—Matthew J. Harrington  
Hollywood, Florida

**For the Birds:** I just got through reading "Penguins in Peril" in the *Feedback* section of the August HUSTLER. Those guys who wrote that are no more interested in helping penguins than I am in fucking one. All they care about is ripping off the taxpayers so they can travel and screw around. As far as I'm concerned they can shove their penguins up their asses, because I think HUSTLER is the best magazine money can buy. Besides, who cares about the cartoons when there are plenty of informative articles, great sex stories and fabulous-looking women? With all HUSTLER has to offer, those weirdos worry about a little penguin? —Allan Gacquindo  
Roseburg, Oregon

**No Bashful Beavers:** I have been a fan of HUSTLER as long as it has been out. For years it has been the best straightforward sex magazine, bordering on fine art. But after reading your August issue I feel compelled to protest the lowering of standards in your *Beaver Hunt*. To me and the millions of others who grew up believing in and defending HUSTLER's right to a "show-pink" policy, the sight of clothed genitalia in *Beaver Hunt* is un-American.

Nothing personal against you, Maureen from Wichita, Kansas. But come on—show some pink!

—William W. Weaver  
Owenton, Kentucky

*Maybe Maureen will take the hint and send us a Beaver Hunt entry showing pink.*

**The Real Obscenity:** I recently saw Larry Flynt and his attorney when they appeared on the *Phil Donahue* show. I was struck by the repeated attacks on Mr. Flynt's "born-again" status and his printing of photos of nude women. I am an ardent reader of HUSTLER, and while I was watching the ladies on the Donahue show criticize Mr. Flynt, it suddenly dawned on me what the problem was. Not one of the indignant people who were so offended by the magazine had read any of it. They had only looked at the photos!

These sensitive souls open the magazine to the center pages, gasp, and fire off a letter to their congressman, local newspaper or county solicitor. They never read any of the print that accompanies the pictures, so naturally they see no value in it.

I can't help but ask, did they expect the shape of the human body to change because Larry Flynt had a religious experience? Did they expect HUSTLER to become a religious magazine because the publisher discovered a personal relationship with Christ? Do they really feel that God would be offended by pictures of His creations?

I see a deep commitment from Larry Flynt reflected in the pages of HUSTLER, and I do not believe, as many people seem to nowadays, that anything that makes a profit is automatically bad or exploitative. It is obvious to me that Mr. Flynt faces a prison term because a very tiny part of the magazine he publishes upsets a very tiny percent-

tage of the population in one tiny area of the United States. I am offended to see justice reduced to such a level in this once-free country. That is the real obscenity.

—Patricia Louise Cummings  
Golden, Colorado

**Turkey Talk:** I saw Larry Flynt on the *Phil Donahue* show—very good. Now I want to talk turkey with you. I believe in your work, and I would like to work with you and the magazine to put on a huge demonstration in Washington, D.C., for the people who believe that sensuality is a part of freedom.

I know how to get this under way. It would take six months to a year to put notices in magazines and get it all organized. I would work with your organization for free. If you are interested in this, let me know.

—Robert Watt  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Keep us informed of your progress.*

**Mad as Heck:** Your article *The Rape of Justice: HUSTLER on Trial in Georgia* (August) really got my blood boiling. If shit offends some people so much, they should have their assholes sewn up. If pricks, dicks and cocks are so horrible, have the obnoxious things lopped off. If fucking, screwing and humping are shocking and embarrassing, don't do it. Have the wives or girlfriends go in the closet and get off with a carrot or a candle. But that would probably be considered









pornographic. I guess these people think that men and women should be canceled. I'm not pro-porn, but I am pro-freedom.

—Bud Calvert  
Kissee Mill, Missouri

**More Men:** What has happened to your male-female spreads? It seems that you are covering up the guy and showing off the girl at the expense of the male. Let's see more cocks and nice chests. Also, why don't you devote four or five pages to totally nude males and four or five pages to totally nude females—and have the hot and horny couple as the centerfold? That way you can please men and women at the same time. Please try these ideas. I think it could make for a better magazine.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

See *Blueboy* for photos of well-endowed males.

**Jailhouse Blues:** As I sit here gazing out my door, my vision is greatly obscured by the bars that entrap me. The only serenity I and many others around here seem to find is in HUSTLER. If you only knew how many men go to the rack at night with a copy and their friend Mary Palm. Why don't you get some nice babes for jailhouse shots for your magazine? And how about running my address in case some chicks feel for us guys and would like to correspond?

—Nelson Barnett III  
P.O. Box 100  
Somers, Connecticut

**Pat on the Back:** I am very supportive of your efforts on behalf of the American people. I realize someone has to carry the flag to protest in favor of our freedoms—and to recognize that adults can make decisions for themselves. Although HUSTLER and CHIC are not on my preferred reading list, Larry Flynt is a preferred person to me because of his stand on the issue of people's personal rights.

—Susan Sarcone  
Address Withheld by Request

**New Readers:** My husband and I discovered HUSTLER two months ago, and now we can't put it down! No other adult magazine can even begin to compare with it. All of those dumb people who are trying to destroy it can all go to hell. If they don't like the magazine, then fine—they don't have to read it. There are plenty of others like myself who enjoy and appreciate it. Keep on publishing, Larry!

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Speaking for Many:** I am a young single woman who enjoys sex and HUSTLER equally. HUSTLER is my all-time favorite. I am taking the time to write you to comment on your August *Publisher's Statement*, "Your Right to Choose." Very well put! I'm behind you all the way! Let the readers decide if HUSTLER or any other magazine is "despicable" or "respectable." If we didn't

like it, we wouldn't buy it. Evidently people do like HUSTLER. The fact that you sell 2 million copies a month proves it. In the names of thousands of readers, we the people love HUSTLER and hope you keep up the good work.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**A Real Dog:** I'm writing in regard to the August HUSTLER. It was a dog. I want my money back.

**Show & Tell** recommended that I take three things on my vacation: a swimsuit, suntan oil and HUSTLER. Well, I only vacation in places where toilet paper is already available; anyway, the pages of your magazine are too slick and glossy to be much use for wiping. I can't think of any other reason to take it along.

I'm not one of those puritans who send you all those funny letters. In fact, I'm looking forward to the day you go hard-core. But the August issue was a bomb. It didn't stimulate me. I wouldn't even have bought it if I'd been able to examine it briefly before purchasing. But around here the newsstands sell HUSTLER wrapped in plastic so that sensitive people won't pick it up and be shocked by the contents. You'd be surprised how many people grab HUSTLER thinking it's *Better Homes and Gardens* or *Newsweek*. So readers of your magazine purchase on faith alone. I believe my faith was betrayed by this crappy issue.

*Bits & Pieces* had no zing. There were no

good crank letters. The articles were dull. The centerfold girl was the spitting image of a waitress in a bar where I had to quit drinking because I kept barfing on the counter every time I saw her. Actually, none of the girls in this issue would have made HUSTLER REJECTS.

The experience cost me \$2.95 plus 9¢ sales tax—and it was a rip-off. But don't feel bad. Everybody puts out a turkey from time to time.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Billy's Back:** I don't think a hell of a lot of Billy Carter myself. But if he's trying to straighten his act up, then get off his back. I enjoy your magazine. Keep up the fine work.

—H. C. Saunders, Jr.  
Yucaipa, California

**Hot for Hair:** I have read and enjoyed HUSTLER since it first hit the newsstands. But I have one complaint. My personal fetish is an excessive amount of hair on and around the pubic region. All of your ladies, however attractive, seem to have an average or even scanty amount of hair. When will you publish a pictorial on hairy bushes for those of us who like our women natural and endowed with thick pubic hair?

—Tattoo Mike  
Mercer County, North Dakota

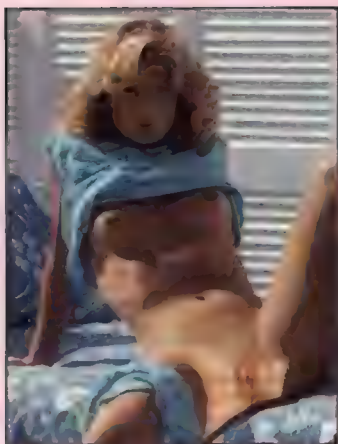
Your wish is our command. Keep your eye on upcoming issues of HUSTLER. 🐼

# GRAFFITHTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO J.S., MADERA, CA.





DEBBIE

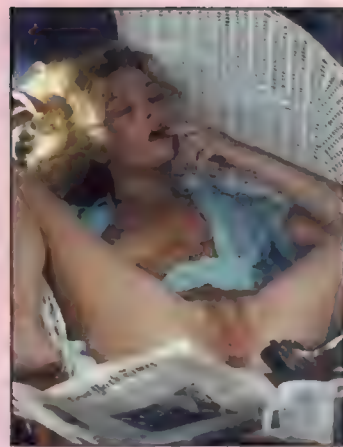
Let's roll with this month's Honey, who's gonna disco-skate you out of your inhibitions as she strips down to her wheels and shows you that things really do go better with Coke.



FILMS BY HUSTLER'S HOTTEST PHOTOGRAPHER  
**S U Z E**

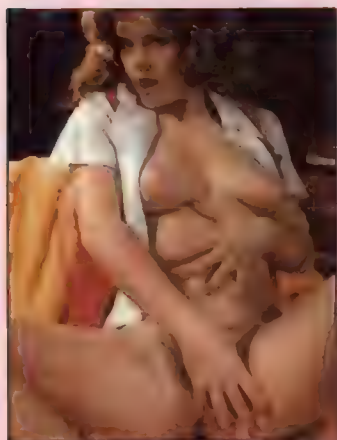
## FEATURING

# HUSTLER HONEYS



DDB

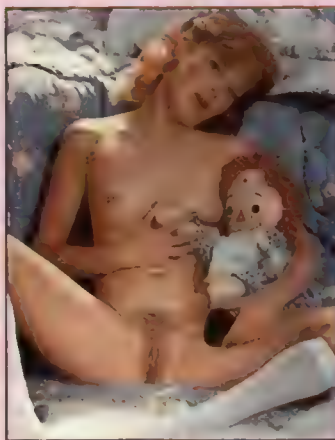
Get down and get earthy with next month's centerfold. Debi's a real pro—so be there when she gets your bases loaded as she makes a grand slam with her baseball bat.



## CHRISSE

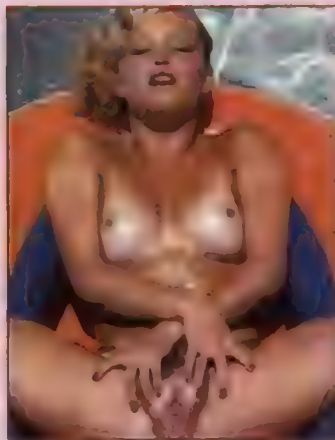
July's campfire Honey makes friends with her flashlight, begging for more with those big blue eyes. And more is what Chrissie gets. Light up your life with this sexy girl-next-door.

For five years **HUSTLER** Magazine has brought you America's most daring, high-quality erotic entertainment. Now listen and look as Suze Randall, **HUSTLER's** sexiest photographer, brings your hottest Honeys to life in a new, unrivaled series of erotic films and videocassettes, with a **FULL-SOUND** option. The films are

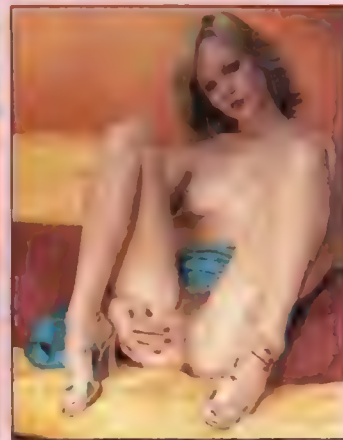


# LOLITA

**Lolita (October)** looks sweet and innocent, but underneath she is a ripening passion. Share a young girl's wet dreams as she returns home from school and humps her dummy.

**INGA**

Here's October's centerfold in action. When a dive into a swimming pool does nothing to cool Inga down, the young lady takes on a full bottle of champagne.



## BEAUTY

What happens when *Beast's Beauty* (November 1978) grows up to find the Beast just isn't enough? Watch her on the rampage trying to satisfy her voracious sexual appetite.

available individually in 200-foot color reels in regular 8mm (\$19.95), Super 8mm (\$24.95) and—for lifelike intimacy—Super 8mm with **FULL SOUND** (\$39.95). Or see all six girls together in **FULL-SOUND** and color on VHS or Beta videocassettes for an unbeatable bargain offer of only \$99.95!

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Please Print	<b>NEWAVE PRODUCTIONS • P.O. Box 67220 • Los Angeles, California 90067</b>	HU1179						
Name _____	<input type="checkbox"/> I have enclosed a check or money order to cover the cost of my order (cash not accepted) <input type="checkbox"/> I would rather charge it to my <input type="checkbox"/> VISA or my <input type="checkbox"/> Master Charge (please check)							
Address _____	Please rush me the films checked below: <input type="checkbox"/> Debbie <input type="checkbox"/> Lolita <input type="checkbox"/> Debi <input type="checkbox"/> Inga <input type="checkbox"/> Chrissie <input type="checkbox"/> Beauty							
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I certify by my signature that I am over 18 years of age and am not a postal, government or law-enforcement official engaged in entrapment.								
<input type="checkbox"/> Please rush me a one-hour videocassette with all six Honeys! <input type="checkbox"/> VHS <input type="checkbox"/> Beta I <input type="checkbox"/> Beta II—all with Sound (\$99.95 each).								



# **World News Roundup**

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Sex and advertising don't necessarily mix, according to a study conducted at the University of Texas. Researchers there found that significantly more brand names were remembered from ads featuring nature scenes than from those showing naked women. The study's authors concluded that even though nude girls attract attention, they also distract consumers from the product.

A Massachusetts state legislator gave new meaning to the term "open debate" when he dropped his pants in the House chamber to make sure he would be recognized to speak. After his shorts caught the Speaker's eye, State Representative Alfred Almeida spoke in favor of a proposed ban on nonreturnable bottles and cans. Almeida took the dramatic action in response to the chair's failure--possibly intentional--to recognize him at a crucial earlier session.


If the Teamsters have their way, they may soon be the union for truckers and fuckers. New York Teamsters leader Barry Feinstein says his union wants a piece of the action, and that the minute prostitution is legalized it will be out looking to sign up hookers. There's no word yet on how labor contracts will be negotiated.

The truth must hurt quite a bit in Louisiana. A battle is raging in the state legislature over a bill that would require publications with over 200,000 circulation to proclaim in large print on the front page that the contents "are not necessarily the truth." Not to be outdone, publishers have counterattacked with the suggestion that the same warning be attached to all political speeches, proposed legislation and government reports.

You may not believe it, but smoking may save some lives. "The Journal of Clinical Pharmacology" reports that physicians have been using cigarettes infused with nitroglycerin to treat the heart problems of patients who smoke. Some patients smoke up to 20 of the treated cigarettes a day, while others only light up when they feel cardiac troubles starting.

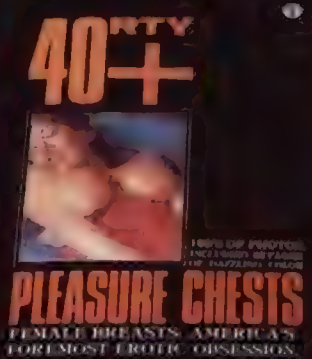
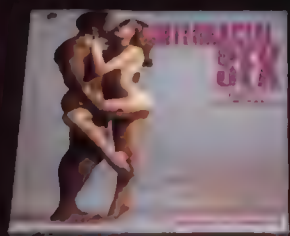
Keeping it in the family is not always a good idea, especially when it comes to marriage. A brother and sister in Massachusetts, adopted by different families nearly 20 years ago, recently tied the knot and now face charges of incest. The two lovebirds met after finding their natural mother, who told reporters that the couple probably didn't know their wedding was illegal.

Birth-control pills may not be great for people, but house plants seem to thrive on them. Inserting one of the pills into a pencil-sized hole near the roots of an ailing plant will cause your average green stuff to grow like crazy. So far, scientists have no explanation for the reaction.

Ever since Russian gymnast Olga Korbut turned on America with her performance in the 1972 Olympics, thousands of girls across the country have begun fooling around with parallel bars instead of dollhouses. Yet American gymnasts have never done well in international competition, and Western sports officials have now angrily accused Soviet women gymnasts of gaining an unfair edge by using drugs to slow down their sexual development. Because of the high strength-to-weight ratio needed in high-level competition, a smaller, lighter woman can often outperform an equally talented but larger competitor. As the coach of the American team put it, "It looks like they jumped right out of the test tube." 



# You Won't Find These at The Library.



## Sexual Positions Book

This exciting book reveals over 200 new ways to enjoy sexual intercourse. Highlighted with full color photographs and informative techniques on foreplay, contraception and much more.

## 40+ Pleasure Chest

100's of photos, including 32 pages in dazzling color of America's most voluptuous models.

## Acts of Love

What is your favorite sex device? Dildoes, vibrators, butt-plugs? This book contains explicit photographs and drawings that boldly illustrate 65 special acts of love.

## High Heels and Other Sensual Delights

Name your fetish—shoes, leather, a shapely thigh. Hundreds of exclusive pictures, 32 pages in full color, highlight

this in-depth study of erotic symbolism.

## Encyclopedia Sexualis

The most comprehensive listing of sexual terms ever compiled. Most explanations are

accompanied with provocative, stimulating photographs. Covers everything from A-hole to Zoophilia.

## Sexual Fantasies

Whatever your fantasy, now you can see it vividly spread before your eyes in color photos and graphically told in stories from men and women who have fantasies which are just like yours.

## Interracial Sex

What is it really like to enjoy the fleshy delights of a black woman, an Oriental, a white woman, or an American Indian? This colorful book showcases men and women of all races mutually engaged in passionate sex.

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Los Angeles, Ca. 90067

All books are \$9.95 plus  
\$1.50 for postage and  
handling for first item. 75¢  
each add'l item.

### CHECK DESIRED BOOKS

- ☐ Interracial Sex  
☐ Sex Positions  
☐ 40+  
☐ High Heels  
☐ Encyclopedia Sexualis  
☐ Sexual Fantasies  
☐ Acts of Love

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# Bits & Pieces

**T**he worst type of asshole is the hypocrite, particularly the so-called "man of God" who cloaks his viciousness in quotes from Holy Scripture and what he calls "God's blessings." HUSTLER's November Asshole of the Month is just such a person.

The Reverend Jerry Falwell is one of America's most prominent evangelists. He operates the Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia. But using the medium of television—through a religious-broadcasting network that presents his *Old-Time Gospel Hour*—Falwell enters the homes of millions of Americans on a weekly basis.

One would think that a television evangelist with an audience of millions would exercise some responsibility in what he preaches. But Falwell suffers from a bad case of diarrhea of the mouth and constipation of the soul.

In a recent sermon, for instance, this self-styled "man of God" reportedly told his audience that "God, I think, has shown his hand of judgment against two major smut magazines in America. The two leading smut magazines have felt the judging hand of God against them at the high-



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Jerry Falwell

est level of leadership." This tirade was greeted with an "Amen!" from some of the congregation.

Well, can you guess what Falwell meant when he talked about the "judging hand of God"? What he was evidently referring to were the senseless shooting of HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt in Georgia last year and the tragic DC-10 crash in Chicago that took the lives of some *Playboy* magazine staffers,

including that of Managing Editor Sheldon Wax.

It is almost inconceivable that anyone would make such a statement. It is unimaginable that a Christian minister would even suggest that God was somehow punishing magazine publishers and editors by directing the hands of an assassin or by causing an airliner to crash. Does the Reverend actually believe that God would cause the deaths of 273 persons in an airplane

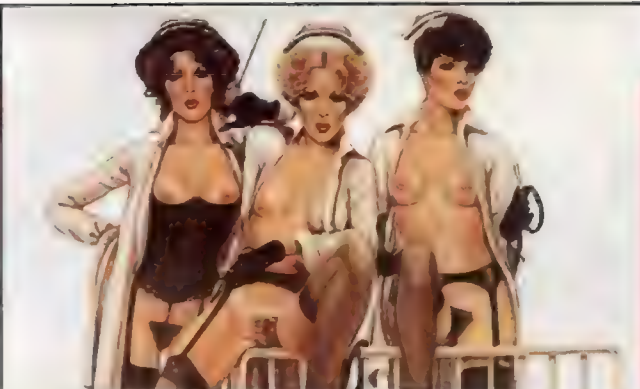
crash just to punish someone for being an editor of *Playboy*? If he does, his theology is clearly insane. If he doesn't actually hold that belief, he is using the most callous, cynical brand of hypocrisy to inflame his congregation.

In the same sermon Jerry Falwell reportedly mentioned the awful murders of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk (who was gay). Applying twisted logic, Falwell apparently used the tragedies to attack San Francisco's sizable homosexual population. But did he ever condemn the killer of the two city officials? Not once.

Rarely has HUSTLER Magazine felt so adamant about naming someone Asshole of the Month. Jerry Falwell is, at rock-bottom, the one thing a man of God cannot be: an immoral human being.

CORRECTION: In the August 1979 HUSTLER Fletcher Thompson was incorrectly identified as the defendant in a trial in Atlanta, Georgia. The defendant in the trial before Judge Nick G. Lambros was Jack Shuman. Thompson was Shuman's counsel. Fletcher Thompson was not at any time charged with the illegal sale of beer. HUSTLER regrets the error.





## Carnal Cards

Last year **HUSTLER** contributor Olivia DeBerardinis created a series of Christmas cards that delighted our readers. This year Olivia has produced another set of greeting cards illustrated with her own erotic artwork. The 13-piece set sells for \$11 postpaid and is available from *O Cards* (P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018). It's good news for those of you who care enough to send the best.



You might wonder how a guy can be attracted to a cow, but a New Jersey teenager was recently arrested for moo-lesting

and carrying on a two-week love affair with someone's Old Bessie. It sounds like a lot of bull, but it really happened.

## Sign-off

The name of this restaurant

may sound a little fishy, but we've heard that The Bearded Clam can't be beat when it comes to eating out.



## Had a Piece Lately?

Don't let anybody kid you. This girl *really* delivers. Now you can eat out in the comfort of your own home and then have the pizza for dessert—as a **HUSTLER** reader demonstrates for us in this snapshot. Of course, the only trick is to make sure that the pizza stays as sizzling hot as the lady who delivers it.







## Mauve Squad

Even though her series is off the air, *Mauve* co-star Adrienne Barbeau still seems to have her hands full. We can't be absolutely sure this is really Ms. Barbeau, but the knockers in this *Pub* magazine photo sure look familiar. They ought to—Barbeau's boobs made a previous appearance in the September 1976 HUSTLER.

## Dirty Dog



Even Fido seems to agree that HUSTLER is the best thing to come around since fire hydrants. Like most of our dogged readers, he just can't wait to get at that pussy.



HUSTLER'S HONEY

## Here's Looking at You, Kid

When President Carter finally showed his true colors, he turned out to be a real pinko. This collage, submitted by a HUSTLER reader, should provoke con-

trovery, but it probably won't bother the Chief Executive's numerous political opponents. As they say, "We always knew he didn't have any balls."



**RANGER AL SAYS:  
DON'T FUCK  
THE ANIMALS!**

# At the Zoo

We know our readers always like to learn more about nature, so here in the HUSTLER tradition are a few more examples of what puts the "great" in the "great outdoors." These critters have obviously learned that "the beast things in life are free."





## Ads We'd Like to See # 11

### AMERICAN TOURISTER

**TOUGHER THAN  
THE PLANES  
THAT CARRY IT**

When you're traveling on a DC-10, the last thing you want to worry about is your luggage. With American Tourister you can count on your shorts making it even if your ass doesn't. So make sure your next bag is our bag—voted Best Suitcase by municipal morgue workers in Chicago.



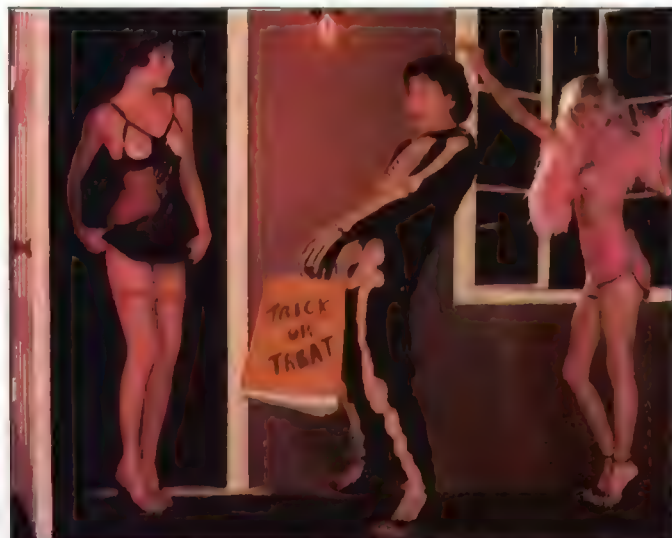
### Ski Bum

Here's crazy old Jerry Aibel again—this time on the cover of *Gross-Country Skiing*, the magazine for ski buffs who ski in the buff. Jerry says he's gotten such a good response from his magazine exposure that he's thinking of turning pro. Sounds like a real snowjob to us.

### Halloweenie

This guy thought he was getting conned when the lady of

the house kept saying, "No treats, only tricks." Once he figured out that she wasn't whoring around, he forgot the candy and went for the meat.



### You Be the Judge



### 4th Annual Erotic-Film Poll

HUSTLER established its annual erotic-film awards in 1976 to encourage creativity and high quality in the erotic-film industry. To vote for this year's crop simply fill out the ballot—remembering that the same person may appear as a nominee in more than one

category. Mail your completed ballot to HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. The results of the voting will appear in our April 1980 issue. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1979.

#### Categories:

- Best film: \_\_\_\_\_
- Best actress: \_\_\_\_\_
- Film: \_\_\_\_\_
- Best actor: \_\_\_\_\_
- Film: \_\_\_\_\_
- Best director: \_\_\_\_\_
- Film: \_\_\_\_\_
- Best sex scene: \_\_\_\_\_
- Film: \_\_\_\_\_
- Most accomplished fellatio artist: \_\_\_\_\_
- Film: \_\_\_\_\_
- Most accomplished cunnilinguist: \_\_\_\_\_
- Film: \_\_\_\_\_



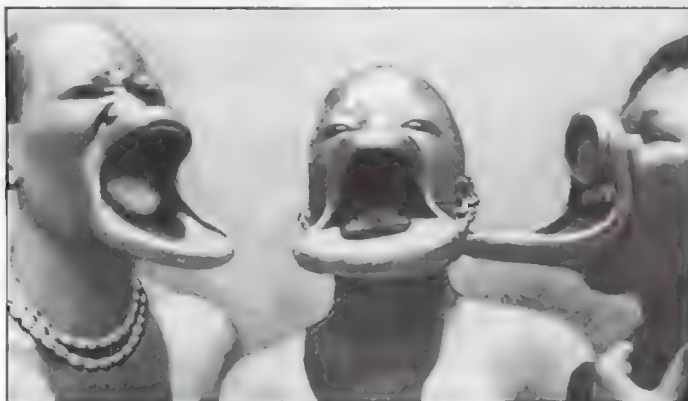


## Tit for Tat

The girls shown here are knock-

outs in more ways than one. The three-round exhibition bout held in Binasco, Italy—featuring two members of the

International Boxing Girls of Munich—ended in a draw. It looks to us like the referee was the real winner.



## Women's Lip

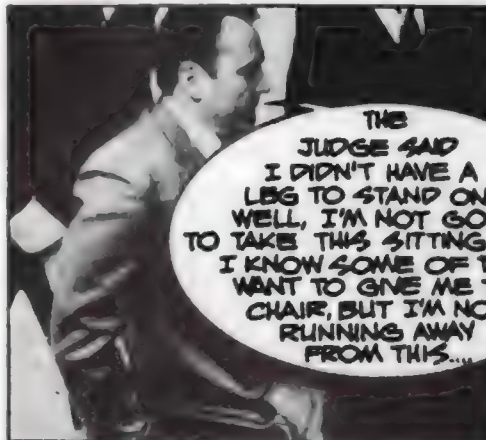
Scientists have paid lip service to the concept that through evolution our bodies have adjusted to fit the demands of our environment. Obviously, these women prove the rumor that black men are bigger. The ladies are also a tremendous inspiration to black teenagers, since they show that skin color is no barrier to success if you know how to use your head.

## Indian Sign Language

Indians have made many contributions to our American culture. This guy, who stands atop a Pontiac dealership in San Antonio, Texas, shows that despite our differences the white man and the red man at least share the common desire to piss on Pontiacs.

## You Can Keep a Good Man Down

### Larry Flynt Found Guilty in Obscenity Trial



THE JUDGE SAID I DIDN'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON. WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS SITTING DOWN. I KNOW SOME OF THEM WANT TO GIVE ME THE CHAIR, BUT I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY FROM THIS...

Larry Flynt's recent obscenity trial in Atlanta, Georgia, was a joke from start to finish, and that's exactly how the *National Lampoon* treated it in that magazine's July issue. Unfortunately, the guilty verdict handed down in Flynt's case may have a chilling effect on freedom of speech—and that's not funny at all.

## Who Gives a Shit?

HUSTLER's sensitive Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley does, that's who. Here's Dwaine having a close encounter of the turd kind in his shit orchard as he waits for a new crop to ripen. They'll probably be prize-winners, since Tinsley seems to have a real brown thumb when it comes to shit. But he's modest about his success, saying, "The reason I understand turds so well is that I've had my head up my ass for most of my life."



## A Real Hosing

Tired of pissing away your hard-earned bucks on gasoline? Here's one solution to the gas crisis, and it's definitely self-service. The only drawback is that you have to flush your gas tank twice a day.



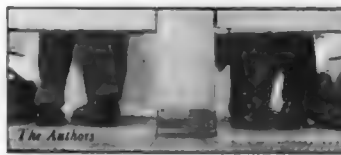
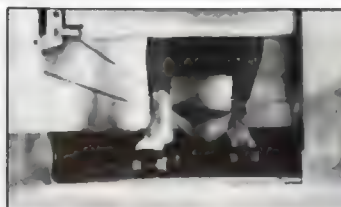




## Behind Closed Doors

Photographer Stephanie Saia took her camera and invaded America's toilets, the better to capture people with their pants down. While all you get to see are the pants, *Private Moments*

in *Public Places* still provides an interesting look at one of life's most basic functions. The book, published by The Permanent Press (Sagaponack, New York 11962), costs \$7.95.



## Hustler Update



**BARRY REID**

**August 1977**

In our profile we reported how Barry Reid was making a fortune teaching Americans to con their way to the good life with fake ID. He may need that fortune now that he has to defend himself against a 12-count mail-fraud indictment handed down by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles. The indictment charges that Reid's company, Eden Press, deceived customers into believing that the fake identification cards they purchased from the company were in fact valid documents approved for use in every state. Reid was also charged with promoting his fake-ID business through his books, including *The Paper Trip* and *Fraud Report*. The latter was described by the Eden Press catalog as the "con man's Bible of survival."

## Mmmm-mmm, Good



Although many people scorn the idea of eating canned meat, we think the newest line of taste treats from Campbell's is worth trying. For those who have a taste for the more exotic, tough

luck; the company claims no one ever gave a shit. To order these "taste treats," send \$3.50 for each to *Pleasure Chest Sales Ltd.* (20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011).

## Tricky Dick

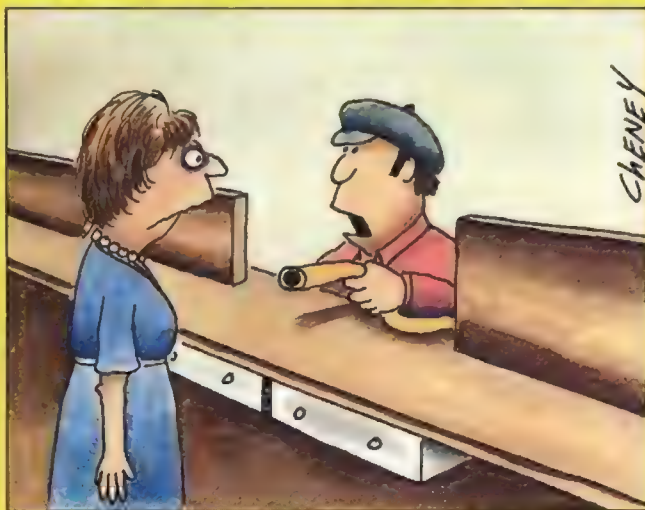
When it comes time to choose your Halloween costume this year, be sure you don't make the same mistake that this little guy did. The other kids in the neighborhood got candy; all he got were pardons.



**THE POLITICS OF COAL**  
**February 1979**  
Our report on America's coal mines pointed

out that corporate disregard for worker safety has made coal-mining the most dangerous profession in the country. That disregard apparently angered a federal grand jury enough to issue a criminal indictment against the Blue Diamond Coal Company for its role in two 1976 mine explosions that killed 26 men. The company was charged with failing to properly check or ventilate its Scotia mine in Oven Fork, Kentucky, and filing two false reports during the subsequent investigation.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Don't press any alarms and hand over all your money, or I'll squirt you with my colostomy bag!"

## Contributors

**HUSTLER** pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For November, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Cynthia Albertson, Brenda Davis, Dennis, Sandor Feher, Wendy Martell, Sal Pullia, Dean Quarnstrom, Joseph Wiedmar, Woody, and Anthony Zinnanti, Sr.



# Introducing



Luckily, "Doc" Johnson found a cure. The new Caress is electric-powered. Equipped with an AC adapter, the Caress plugs into any standard outlet.



The new Electric Caress Vibrator. With a little imagination the possibilities are endless.



*Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.*

Edited by Vicki Scott

**Creative Masturbation:** First of all, let me assure you that this letter is completely serious. When I first began masturbating, it was very easy to achieve orgasm, but it's been getting more difficult ever since. So I have begun to vary my masturbation techniques. One thing I did was to wrap a copper strip around the base of my penis and insert a small metal bar in my rectum; then I connected these objects to a 12-volt battery. By changing the polarity I could direct the stimulation to either my penis or my rectum. Other times I would insert a small plastic tube into my urethra and blow into it. After doing these things I experienced no ill effects except for a slight burning sensation while urinating. But I am still wondering if I have done myself any physical damage.

—M. M.  
Ewing, New Jersey

Men often do notice some difficulty bringing themselves to orgasm when they are bored with their masturbation techniques. The search for novel sensations might prompt you to try such things as urethral insertion, but that's an uncommon and dangerous activity. You can damage tissue, or cause an obstruction or internal scarring, both of which can block the urethra. Such obstruction can cause infection or inflammation not only in the penis but in the bladder as well. You may already have an infection; a burning sensation when you urinate is often a symptom of urethritis (inflammation of the urethra).

Blowing air into the urethra can be even more dangerous. One should never blow air into any bodily orifice—except the mouth in artificial respiration. It can cause an air embolism (a bubble of air obstructing a blood vessel) and sudden death.

Your electric-shock technique can cause nerve damage. An intricate nervous system controls your ability to get an erection. There has to be sufficient stimulation from the nerve endings of the penis (with sufficient impulses from the brain as well) in order to gain and maintain a hard-on. But severe stimulation to the penis can have just the opposite effect.

Clearly you should stop these extreme forms of masturbation before you do irreversible damage. But let's go back to your boredom with masturbatory practices. In reading your letter we are struck by your obsession with masturbation. Don't get us wrong; HUSTLER is absolutely in favor of masturbation as a vital part of a healthy sex life—but not as the only sexual activity. Your letter leads us to believe that you do not have a

relationship with a woman. If this is the case, we strongly suggest that you pursue such a relationship. Unless you have a serious emotional problem, it should prove more fulfilling than masturbation.

**Double Trouble:** I have two problems: First, I do not have enough natural juices, and my husband and I cannot make love comfortably even with K-Y jelly; secondly, I would like to be hornier, but my mind is always on the kids, the bills or other problems. I have tried masturbating, but with two babies I can't always find the time—and besides, I'm not comfortable touching myself. I don't even know if you can help me, but any suggestions sure won't hurt.

—K. H.  
Bakersfield, California

*Both your problems are related. Your natural juices don't flow because your mind isn't on what you're doing. Your physical responses are hampered by your distractions—and one of those distractions is worrying about reaching orgasm. You're working at it as if it were another chore to be gotten through, like changing diapers. You're going to have to lock the kids out of your room (or send them off to visit their grandparents every now and then) and take care of the bills while the bank is open.*

*There's a time and place for everything. Your body and your sexual pleasure have at least as*

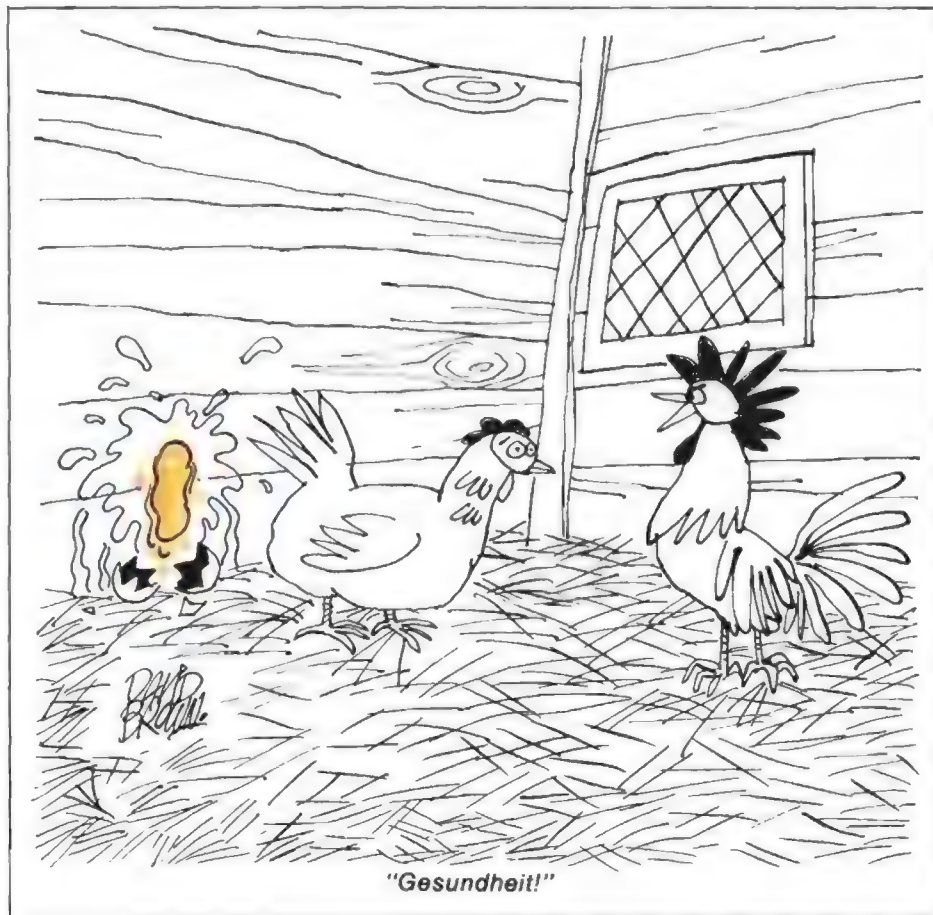
*important a place in your life as anything you do for someone else. Don't feel wicked or selfish for allowing it its own corner of your life. Once you recognize that sex is a normal, natural function, you'll not only be "hornier," but you'll also find the bonus of being able to give yourself pleasure.*

**Nevada Nookie:** I understand that prostitution is legal in parts of Nevada. I am planning a trip to Las Vegas, and I would like to know if and where one can receive such favors without risk of an encounter with the local gendarmes. Any further information regarding this concern would be greatly appreciated.

—V. J.  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Prostitution is legal in some parts of Nevada. Nevada law allows legal prostitution only in those counties that have a population of less than 200,000, which rules out Vegas and Reno. The lone exception is Lincoln County. If you pick up a girl off the street in Vegas, you risk staying in town an extra 30 days and being fined \$500. Both the prostitute and the john get 30 days (in separate cells) if convicted. The second offense gets you six months and a \$1,000 fine.*

*The girls who work in the hotels, however, are protected by the establishments, and a "favor" from these hookers will be a safe one. So confine your enjoyment of the Las Vegas ladies to those who work in the hotel casinos, or those who work through bellhops, and you'll be safe.*



"Gesundheit!"



Many houses of prostitution can be found within an hour's drive of Las Vegas. If you're looking for a unique experience with a touch of the Old West, try the Chicken Ranch bordello in Pahrump, Nevada, about 60 miles from Vegas. It's reputed to be the best brothel in the country, and contrary to rumors it's still very much alive, safe and legal.

**Bored Limp:** I am 20 years old and have a problem that bothers me very much—I don't like to make love to my wife. I am turned on by anyone but her. I would rather beat off than make love to her. She just lays there like a lump the whole time. I wish I could find a woman who could really please me. Could you give me some good advice on where to find a lady who really likes to go crazy when she makes love? —L. S.

Fairchance, Pennsylvania

It is quite normal for one or both partners to become sexually bored after settling down into the routine of married life. Many husbands and wives know each other too well, are too predictable to one another. It's also possible that because of our repressive society you didn't have sexual relations prior to marriage—and are now discovering that you and your mate are simply not sexually compatible.

Whatever the causes may be, it's clear that your dismal sex life has some very destructive aspects. Your wife seems to be making you hate her. She is telling you by her actions that you don't turn her on. She is, in effect, castrating you,

challenging your masculinity. She may be turned off by your lack of sexual expertise or by some other part of your personality. And she may well be uptight, frightened or frigid herself.

Looking for another sexual partner may be the best idea. But don't forget that people who think the grass is greener on the other side of the fence frequently find themselves as bored and turned off by their new lovers as they were with previous husbands and wives.

The choice may be between the excitement of a new relationship or the stability of your present one, however unsatisfactory it is. If you decide to stick it out with your wife, some communication is definitely called for. If you don't want her to lay there like a lump, tell her so. Find out what her problems are—does she get turned off by your body, your technique or something else about you? What would turn her on?

If you decide to look for sexual satisfaction elsewhere, shop around, experiment—don't commit yourself until you're certain you've found a partner who will share a satisfying sexual relationship with you.

**Hot Mom:** I am a 19-year-old man who has been dating a girl my age for about three years. However, recently I have found myself strongly attracted to her 40-year-old mother, who is very well-built. At a party the other night my girlfriend's mother fondled my ass and kissed me long and hard. Nothing else happened, but I think she has the same desires as I do. I can't bring myself to directly approach her, because if I'm

wrong I'll never be able to face her again. How can I find out if she is sexually attracted to me?

—T. B.

Great Lakes, Illinois

Since the woman has so openly flirted with you, you've already got a good indication that she finds you attractive. But since this occurred at a party, when she was probably under the influence of alcohol, you'll have to ask before you make any moves. Bring the subject up in a roundabout way, so that you get her talking about her feelings about men in general, about who she dates and what kind of man she likes. You'll get a sense of what's on her mind, and you won't have to worry about embarrassing yourself.

Keep in mind too that since you're dating her daughter, she may be competing with her for your affections. An older woman may be desperate for the attentions of a younger man, to assure herself that she's still alluring.

Many mature women find the thought of going to bed with a younger man quite fascinating—they like the enthusiasm of youth, the staying power (the ability to go on for hours) and the fact that it's something new and different. All too many middle-aged men are involved in careers, preoccupied with finances, set in their ways and, let's face it, have let their bodies get flabby. And you may find the mature woman fascinating because she represents experience and self-assurance and because she's eagerly receptive, not coy.

So think about your motives and hers. Decide how you feel about your girlfriend, for any involvement with her mother is likely to damage your relationship with the daughter. If you want to keep your girlfriend, avoid her mother. If you're more interested in the idea of sex with her mother, go for it. It is unlikely that you can have both.

**Same Old Story:** When I was dating my husband he couldn't get his penis down, but since our son was born he can't seem to keep it up for more than five minutes. He's very inhibited, and I am tired of the same old routine. This has been going on for two years. I don't want to cheat on him, but I need some sort of sexual relief. What can I do?

—J. C.

Chicago, Illinois

Although you didn't mention any physical changes you may have gone through since the birth of your son, it is possible your husband is turned off by stretch marks, additional weight you may have gained, etc. There are exercises designed to get new mothers back into sexy shape. Assuming that you are in shape, let's consider another possibility.

Doctors and psychologists report that it is common for a husband to experience jealousy toward a newborn child—whether it is a couple's first-born or their fifth. Husbands often express their jealousy by withdrawing sexual attention from their wives. But doctors also report that this period of jealousy and sexual withdrawal usually ends and that normal sexual relations are resumed. The time that this process takes varies from couple to couple.

(continued on page 34)







*"No, the earth didn't move. But I think my bowels did!"*



# ENTER THE LOVE BOUTIQUE!

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# EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

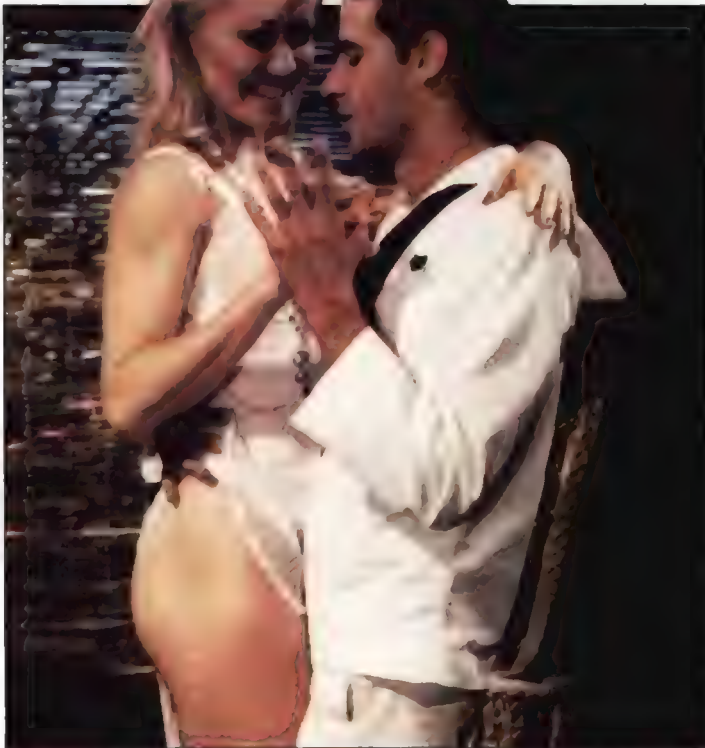
Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

## Tropic of Desire

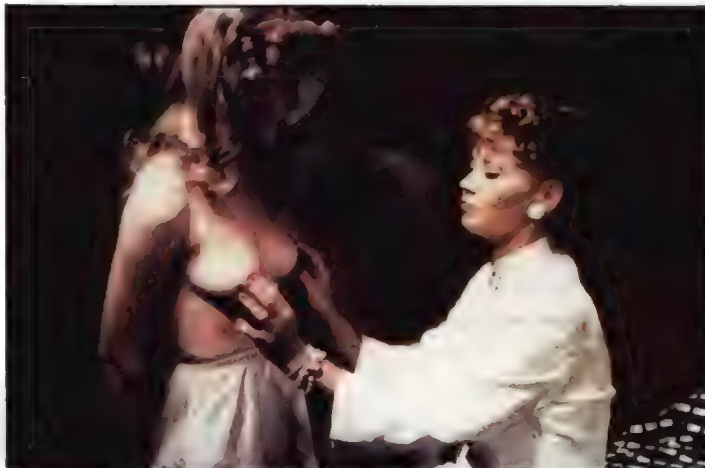
One of the first things you'll see if you buy a ticket to this turkey is a title that reads, "A Gail Palmer Production." This is puzzling, because Ms. Palmer—the ex-Michigan State bimbo who's been hyped on endless talk shows across the country as the directorial wonder behind the *Candy* series—didn't direct *Tropic of Desire*. Nevertheless, there's her name right up front, a name that spells bad news for the porn patron.

If Ms. Palmer was the producer of this fluff-job, that means she was responsible for the conception and overall execution of the entire project. As such, she's as much to blame for its failures as she was for the failure of *Candy Goes to Hollywood!*—the unfunny comedy she directed that was rated one-quarter erect in last month's *HUSTLER*.

*Tropic of Desire* is flat-out the worst porn flick I've seen in my life. It's set in a Hawaiian whorehouse that caters to servicemen at the close of World War II—an engrossing subject that could have made an interesting and horny film. And when I tell you that it stars porn veteran Georgina Spelvin as the madam, and also features Jessie St. James (one of the best new actresses in hard-core








Even with Jessie St. James, one of the hottest actresses in porn (above), and Georgina Spelvin (below, right), *'Tropic of Desire'* is a real turkey.



This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**  
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**  
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**  
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

movies) as a hooker, you're probably going to wonder just what the hell could have screwed things up.

Well, for starters: lousy camerawork, stupid dialogue, incredibly inept directing, and sex scenes so depressing as to be downright antisexual. If the Legion of Decency put together a porn flick with the idea of turning people off, it would have been hard-pressed to do a more effective job than this. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if Gail Palmer has an interest in the liquor business. *Tropic of Desire* is so unabashedly awful that my chief desire on leaving the screening room was to get drunk as a skunk in order to forget.

Directed (or rather mis-directed) by Bob Chinn, *Tropic* opens on a bored, slovenly hooker named Rita as she wordlessly fucks a young sailor in her crib. The soundtrack is as uninspired in this scene as the sex—poorly dubbed slurps and grunts, with a background of badly edited swing music—and I was hoping that Rita's activities would be interrupted by a Jap attack. But no such luck.

Insult (to the viewers' intelligence and to American servicemen in general) becomes injury as the plot develops. It turns out that Rita is the star of the brothel, and countless jar-heads across the Pacific consider her their big heartthrob. When she gets a telegram telling her that her fiancé has been killed in action, she quits the business to return stateside.

This effectively removes her from the rest of the movie, which is good. However, it also prompts an endless stream of Marines and sailors to come looking for her in the whorehouse. This is not so good, because not a damn one of them can realistically act his way out of his Fruit of the Loom shorts. In all fairness to the actors, though, they didn't have a whole lot to work with; the dialogue is full of such repeated verbal gems as "Where's Rita? I want Rita!"

*Tropic of Desire* could have been converted into a sex comedy with the aid of a little slapstick humor. Unfortunately,





*'Ecstasy Girls,' with Jamie Gillis and Serena, leaps from the screen with the virility of a thoroughbred.*

ly, it tries to be a serious, moody melodrama about love in wartime, and fails completely.

—M. S.

## The Ecstasy Girls

Harold Lime's Filmmakers Company is a small but dedicated group of hard-core artists who consistently deliver quality entertainment. They gave us *Desires Within Young Girls*, last year's winner of the best-picture award from the Adult Film Association of America; that should give you some idea of their class.

With *The Ecstasy Girls*, however, Harold Lime and his writer Bill Barron have topped their own fine record. Armed with a strong plot that unfolds as succinctly as an Elizabethan revenge tragedy, and production values unsurpassed in the industry, *Ecstasy Girls* leaps from the screen with the virility of a true thoroughbred. It's genuinely entertaining; it's extremely well-acted in both sexual and nonsexual scenes; and it's as hot as a bonfire under a Salem witch. Robert (800 Fantasy Lane) McCallum was the director, and this is unquestionably the best hard-core film he's ever made.

The story goes like this: It seems there's a very wealthy

industrialist widower named Edgar Church, a man as puritanical as he is powerful. He's also damn-near dead, and pondering the decision to leave his millions to his sister Madeline (Georgina Spelvin) and his four daughters—Barbara (Leslie Bovee), Constance (Laurien Dominique) and twins Diane and Nancy (both played by Serena). His most fervent hope is that the womenfolk in his family will use his money to continue the fight against immorality and smut, a cause he's held dear throughout his life. To qualify for the legacy, of course, his sister and daughters must maintain an image of lily-white purity—an image that's far from the truth.

Now enters the villain of the piece, Edgar's brother J. C., brilliantly portrayed by straight Hollywood actor Frank Hollwell. J. C. employs an out-of-work film actor named Jerry (Jamie Gillis) to seduce the five women and to put the action on film. J. C. can then show these sexually incriminating movies to his brother, hoping Edgar will dispossess the women. Jerry teams up with his buddies George and Archie (John Leslie and Paul Thomas) to carry out J. C.'s fuck-the-family plot.

There's a lot of detail here for a porn movie, but the story line flows smoothly, the dialogue is

both realistic and witty, and the sex scenes are pure dynamite. I can't begin to describe them all, but I'll highlight a few of them.

First off, don't miss the beginning of the film! The opening scene reveals Jerry in his bachelor pad romping with two teenyboppers, Lyn (Stacy Evans) and Denise (HUSTLER cover girl Nancy Suiter). If you're an ass man, the sequence in which he fucks one of them on top of the other will have you climbing the walls!

Jamie Gillis also enjoys two incredibly sensual but markedly different scenes with his real-life lover Serena (as the

twin sisters). In the first, Serena as Nancy Church drugs his drink, and he wakes to find himself chained in an S&M dungeon while leather-clad Nancy torments him with her whip. He soon reverses the roles, however, and Nancy is forced to pay a sharp price for her impudence.

John Leslie also performs with his usual skill; he's assigned the job of taking care of Constance, an athletic little cunt who likes her lovers to jog five miles before screwing. Leslie and Ms. Dominique handle the scene with wit and a great deal of horny zest.

There's a sting at the tail end of the film that I won't reveal. Suffice it to say that it adds further evidence of the care and professionalism that obviously governed every step in the making of this movie—a professionalism that guarantees you the best value for your film dollar in the adult-entertainment market today.

—M. S.

## Telefantasy

Telefantasy is about a TV news program's attempt to climb out of the ratings cellar by bringing in a hotshot program manager. Lorraine Peters (Mimi Morgan) is the new boss. She's a typical ballbuster, a real bitch who's determined to reverse the program's fortunes with a heavy injection of tits and ass.

Not all of Lorraine's tongue-lashings are of the verbal



*Christine DeShaffer and anchorman John Leslie in 'Telefantasy.'*





*'More Than Sisters' runs the gamut from the ridiculous to the idiotic.*

variety, however, and the flick's hottest scene is a lesbian tryst between the station manager and weathergirl Karen Crystal (Lisa Sue Cory) in which Lorraine administers to a "high-pressure center" between Crystal's legs.

So far so good. Unfortunately, director Bob Chinn seemed to run out of ideas at this point, and the remainder of the film chases one porn cliché after another.

The bulk of the action takes place at the Golden Spa massage parlor, where anchorman Jim Thompson (John Leslie) is doing a news report. Stroke for stroke, Leslie is probably the best sexual performer in porn, and his talents have salvaged more than one mediocre porn film. But not even he can save

this opus. For example, when he weasels a free piece of ass from one of the masseuses (Christine DeShaffer), his cameraman goes down under the tongue of perennial porn dingbat Deseree Cousteau. But the scene is too drawn-out, and neither particularly hot nor particularly interesting.

After the ratings miraculously skyrocket during the evening broadcast, hornstick Jim Thompson heads back to the massage parlor, where the greedy dog orders a double serving of pussy. In an absurd twist the two masseuses turn out to be boss Lorraine and weathergirl Karen, now moonlighting at the rub palace. And that's where the film ends—in a flurry of predictable mutual orgasms. —Frank Fortunato

## More Than Sisters

Some porn films manage to run the gamut from the ridiculous to the sublime. *More Than Sisters*, however, runs the gamut from the ridiculous to the idiotic, with no stops along the way. The plot—if you can call it that—concerns a separated Siamese twin who experiences sexual nightmares that are transmitted via telepathy from her mentally deranged sister. This demented story is not helped by the musical score, which is easily the worst I have heard in any film.

If the story is silly, the execution is worse. It opens with several extended and boring sexual couplings between the troubled twin, Alice Randel (Colleen Andersen) and her husband (Russ Carlson). Hubby freaks when Alice asks him to stick it up her ass, as this cornball considers butt-fucking "perverted." So he drags her off to see psychoanalyst Allan Bannister (a badly miscast Jamie Gillis). The shrink puts her under hypnosis, during which we are shown flashbacks of tedious and redundant sex. Jamie may not be convincing as an understanding shrink, but he's more than convincing as he ravages a female colleague in his usual macho manner.

Eventually, Alice's husband enlists the services of private detective John Bollinger (Eric Edwards) to root out Alice's missing sister. At this point the only thing keeping me awake was the screen appearance of Bollinger's assistant, Susy Benton (Leslie Murray). However, she cockteases the audience for an entire reel and then barely exposes her snatch during one brief soft-core sequence, a disappointment that prompted several members of the screening audience to leave in disgust.

Unfortunately, I had to stay to the bitter end. About the only scene that achieves any erotic values takes place in a nuthouse, where three sadistic attendants (Roger Kaine, Richard Bolla and Marlene Willoughby) gang up on the inmates. But even this scene is marred by poor editing and photography. *More Than Sisters* is more than any porn-filmgoer should have to take. —F. F.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

### Erection

**Babylon Pink**  
**Bad Penny**  
**Easy**  
**Legend of Lady Blue**  
**MisBehavin'**  
**Sex Roulette**

### Three-Quarters Erect

**A Woman's Torment**  
**Anna Obsessed**  
**Debbie Does Dallas**  
**800 Fantasy Lane**  
**Happy Holiday**  
**Heavenly Desire**  
**Jack 'n Jill**  
**People**  
**Pretty Peaches**  
**Satin Suite**  
**Serena**  
**Sex World**  
**The Other Side of Julie**  
**The Pleasure Palace**

### Half Erect

**Black Silk Stockings**  
**Carnal Games**  
**China Sisters**  
**For Richer, For Poorer**  
**Here Comes the Bride**  
**Invasion of the Love Drones**  
**Laura's Desires**  
**Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)**  
**Pizza Girls**  
**Pussycat Ranch**  
**Skin Flicks**  
**Taxi Girls**  
**The China Cat**  
**The Little Blue Box**  
**The New York Babes**  
**The Untamed**

### One-Quarter Erect

**Blue Perfume**  
**From Holly With Love**  
**Hot Honey**  
**Hot Lunch**  
**Hot Rackets**  
**Nite Bird**

### Totally Limp

**Candy Goes to Hollywood!**  
**Fur Trap**  
**Hardcore**



# BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

## Blood and Grits

By Harry Crews; Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, New York 10022; \$10.95

Perhaps the greatest struggle in life is to face ourselves—who we are and what we are. For an artist or a writer this conflict is often a matter of life or death. Author Harry Crews reveals his moment of self-acceptance in his new book *Blood and Grits*, and his personal revelation is important to us all, because Crews is one of the most important writers on the American scene today.

Raised as the son of a tenant farmer, Crews writes: "I was humiliated by the fact that I was from the edge of the Okefenokee Swamp in the worst hookworm and rickets part of Georgia. . . . Everything I had written had been out of a fear and loathing for what I was and who I was."

Then he realized that "all I had going for me in the world or would ever have was that swamp. . . . all those hookworms that I'd dug out of pigs and all the other beautiful and dreadful and sorry circumstances that made me the Grit I am."

Taken collectively, the 17 essays and profiles that comprise *Blood and Grits* not only tell us a great deal about Crews the man but also take us on a bizarre odyssey through America. There are profiles of Charles Bronson and Robert Blake, encounters with carnival freaks and a suicidal Viet-vet waterfall-jumper. When Crews takes us to Valdez, Alaska, to write a story about the pipeline, he passes out drunk and wakes up with two hinges tattooed on his elbow. Individually, each of the stories in this collection is instructive, entertaining and written with amazing clarity, tremendous insight and no bullshit.

Crews is writing about people—people he knows as well as he knows himself. These are the common folk sometimes referred to as rednecks. From Crews we learn that they are Grits, and from his Grit perspective he presents them with

the dignity and respect they deserve. Within their world the rituals make sense, and the rest of us look like clowns. That's the way it should be.

Harry Crews writes from experience. And if there is a lesson to be learned from *Blood and Grits*, it is to not deny our roots and experiences. Crews has managed to forge great art from his. Perhaps we can make better lives from ours.

—Jim Heinisch

## The Amorous Illustrations of Thomas Rowlandson

Introduction by Gert Schiff; The Cythera Press; The Erotic Art Book Society, 1775 Broadway, New York, New York 10019; \$25

Had he not been born in 1757, the English caricaturist Thomas Rowlandson would probably have found success as a *HUSTLER* illustrator. This lush volume's lengthy and generally unreadable introduction by Gert Schiff (*who?*) notes that Rowlandson was nearly expelled from the Royal Academy for zapping a female figure model with a pea-shooter. He'd also sign copies of his work with his own signature to make them appear to be originals, and he tended to squander his inheritance on



'Rowlandson': Depicting a variety of sexual fantasies in Merrie England.

gambling. All in all, Rowlandson sounds like a pretty regular guy.

*The Amorous Illustrations of Thomas Rowlandson* is another coffee-table-sized production from Ralph Ginzburg, the porn pioneer who no doubt will stay on the American scene until someone drives a stake through his heart. It contains 50 tinted drawings showing overweight young women being poked by lecherous tradesmen, aging husbands, young seducers, manly guardsmen and the like.

Sometimes the drawings are accompanied by short poems, as in the case of "The Jew," an anti-Semitic plate showing an

elderly Jewish man being masturbated by a portly maid. Along with "The Jew" is a little verse entitled "The Toss Off" (British slang for "The Jerk-Off"), reproduced here in full:

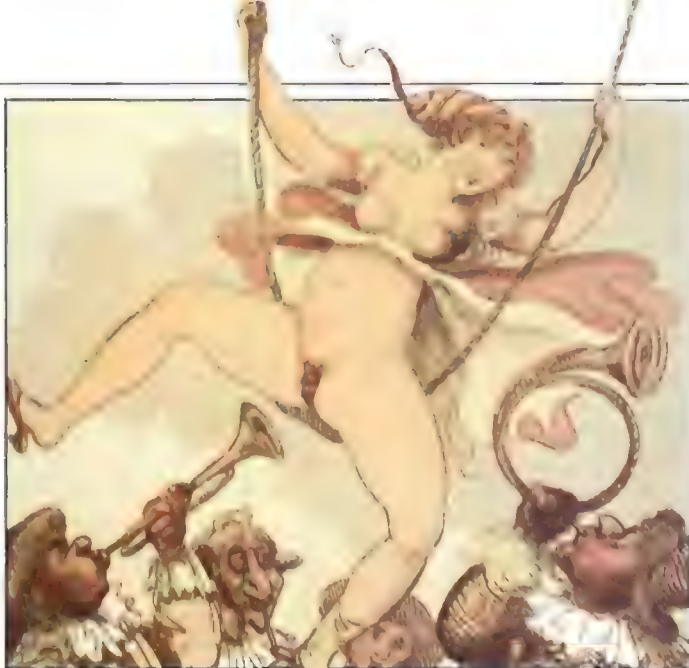
*As Maramount her music grinds/Levi a pleasing passion finds/He calls the little wanton in/And tells his wishes with a grin/She takes the circumcised part/And plies her hand with easy art/The spouting tube emits amain/Which eases Levi's awkward pain/The christian girl you understand/ Shall take a jewish thing in hand.*

If the above sounds like your cup of spunk, why, such a deal Ralph Ginzburg has for you! Due to a special arrangement



Voyeurism, impotence and senility are dominant themes in Rowlandson's erotic illustrations.





Rowlandson's "The Swing" (above) and "The Jew" (below).



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—Ben Pesta

## The Broken Taboo: Sex in the Family

By Dr. Blair Justice and Dr. Rita Justice; Human Sciences Press, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011; \$10.95

If you're a parent, particularly of a little girl, you've probably warned your child about the danger of accepting rides or candy from strangers. This is sensible advice. However, as Blair and Rita Justice point out in this excellent new study, the majority of sexual assaults on children are not committed by "strangers" at all. Based on 100 interviews with incestuous families, the authors (both of whom have Ph.D.'s in psychology) have found that "most

sexual abuse of children is done by parents, stepparents, uncles, boyfriends of mothers, and relatives." Their conclusion: "Children are at a higher sexual risk in their own homes than on the streets." And how do parents warn their children about that?

The taboo of the book's title is, of course, the taboo against incest (sexual contact between persons too closely related to marry legally)—an activity that, for many reasons, has been forbidden and prohibited by almost every human culture throughout history. As the Justices note, the number of known cases of incest in America was cited for many years as only one or two per million of population.

As each state passes more effective legislation on the reporting of child abuse, the extent of the incest problem has become better-known. The authors have found that "on both a metropolitan area level and state basis, 50 to 500 percent increases in confirmed cases of incest are being reported each year." Yet the number of cases confirmed still represent, according to police forces and welfare agencies, a mere fraction of those that remain hidden.

Based on their research, the two doctors have built up a fascinating composite picture of the parent who most often commits incest. Usually the father, he is a man who hungers for a sense of belonging and closeness that he can rarely put into words. But he does not know

how to be close and affectionate in a nonsexual sense. He is often an introvert who doesn't like to go out partying much, preferring to stay at home every night and on weekends. And his sexual relations with his wife have generally fizzled to a halt.

Such a man may turn to sex with his daughter in an attempt to meet the needs he cannot verbalize with his wife, even if the sexual climate in the family is dominated by repression or religious puritanism. And the result of such a relationship can be severely traumatic to both adult and child.

By frankly confronting the disturbing realities of an ever-increasing problem in American family life, and by suggesting clear, sane and non-judgmental solutions for the incestuous anxieties of troubled adults, the Justices have performed a valuable service for every child in this country. *The Broken Taboo* is a book that should be read and discussed openly in every household with children.

—Wayne Carter

## In Praise of Male Chauvinism

By Patrick Scrivenor; David & Charles, Inc., North Pomfret, Vermont 05053; \$4.95



If you really want to piss off your old lady, leave this book laying around where she can find it. Patrick Scrivenor is a wickedly witty English writer who describes himself as "constitutionally incapable of taking anything seriously," so by his own admission you're not going to get anything too profound out of this skimpy (64-page)

hardbound essay. But I've got to admit that he has a way with words, and each one seems intended to get women mad!

From the moment that the male child leaves his mother's womb, says Scrivenor, women have "got him by the googlies with an unrelenting and taloned fist." And that's how a male chauvinist is formed—as a reaction to the horrifying female dominance that haunts his childhood. "He is conditioned by society: the society, so far as his early years are concerned, of women." In other words, if you turn out to be a real pig, it's Mom's fault.

After socking it to his mom, the author next takes on feminists (who, together with nearly all women, he describes as "femmies"). He quotes from a notably brainless feminist tract—*Rape, An Act of Terror* by Barbara Mehrhof and Pamela Kearon: "Rape, then, is an effective political device." To this admittedly stupid statement Scrivenor responds: "This is neither true nor false. Nor is it even a teeny weeny psychological truth. It is what we in the anti-femmy business call MT, or meaningless tripe. It is a very typical femmy utterance, seeking to suggest the existence of a huge conspiracy behind a random, if common, crime."

*In Praise of Male Chauvinism* talks a lot about the war between the sexes—a war that, if you go along with Scrivenor, the men are losing. "In a myriad of small ways," he bleats, "the woman can manoeuvre the man into attitudes of obligation, guilt, doubt, savage rut, even love—all of which serve to keep him in a properly servile condition."

This I found infuriating. Men have been doing exactly the same thing to women since Adam gave his rib to make Eve and never let her forget it. It became obvious to me at that point in the book (and I was only on page 23) that Mr. Scrivenor's mentality has been contaminated by a severe dose of sexual repression. If you're equally contaminated, you might like this book. But I think you'd be better off reading the rest of this issue of HUSTLER to put you in the mood for some hot sex tonight with your woman.

—Judy Christensen



## ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 26)

You and your husband should have a serious discussion. Tell him of your sexual dissatisfaction and find out what's turning him off or inhibiting him. He's probably as anxious, worried and dissatisfied with your sex life as you are.

**Shrinkage:** I have a six-inch cock that was eight inches long a year ago. (I'm 19 now.) It worries me that it shrank two inches, and I am afraid it will shrink some more. Why is this happening?  
—J. B.

Columbus, Georgia

According to Dr. Wardell Pomeroy of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, it is not likely that your penis has shrunk. Minimal shrinkage can occur with age (proportionate to overall deterioration and shrinkage of the body), but this is not the rule. There is evidence that a decrease in rigidity can occur in old age, but this obviously does not apply to you.

It's more likely that you're measuring your penis differently; either you're using a different starting point at the base of your penis, or you're measuring it when it's not fully erect. Another possibility is that you have gained weight over the last year, making your penis appear shorter. Also, in cases of extreme obesity the folds of flesh may cover the penis. Forget the ruler. The important things are that your penis becomes erect and that it works when you want it to.

**Shy Guy:** I am a 23-year-old virgin male who can never seem to find a steady girl or even a one-night stand. I am fairly attractive, and I frequent local bars and places where willing girls congregate, but none of my lines seem to work. I am very depressed and tired of jacking off, but I'm also shy when it comes to girls. Can you help?

—R. M.

Enfield, Connecticut

Try being yourself. Most girls recognize "lines" for what they are. And if your friends have no difficulty meeting girls, why not ask them to help get you set up? They could introduce you to their female acquaintances. Or perhaps they could set up double dates. Meet the girl you're to go out with in a nonthreatening situation, then arrange the double date for another day. (Blind dates are a possibility, but they frequently don't work because two total strangers are thrown at each other cold.)

Take heart in the fact that many good-looking guys have trouble getting laid because their big egos turn women off, thus causing them to become inwardly defensive and then cover up their insecurity with outward arrogance. Also, many women think that a handsome man can fuck any girl—and these women don't want to be just another easy lay.

Meanwhile, you might seek out a prostitute for relief of sexual tension while you're looking for the right girl. Be yourself. The prostitute and the "right girl" will be more impressed with your natural self than with a bullshit line. 🍆



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Have you ever had this fantasy? You're in a tavern or disco, and you see this gorgeous chick sitting at the bar, alone. She's wearing one of those slit skirts that have become popular lately, and she's flashing a full length of smooth, tanned thigh.

It's dark and smoky in the place, and the music is loud and throbbing, so no one notices as you sidle up to her and gently slide your hand through the slit. She gives you a cool look, but opens her legs invitingly. Your fingers do the walking, and as you lean over her, smiling in apparent conversation, your fingertips touch the edge of her panties.

You feel a wetness under her skirt, and she opens her mouth with a slight gasp. The young lady inches her head toward you, looks up at you and whispers, "Get me off—now. Right here at the bar!"

You push aside the narrow band of fabric and find her clit with your middle finger. It jumps at your touch, and she reaches a hand up to your shoulder and clutches it fiercely.

Her cunt is sopping with anticipation; one of your fingers slides in easily, and she arches up her torso to invite deeper penetration. Another finger goes in, and the knuckle of your thumb acts as a constantly moving pivot as she bites at your fingers with her pussy muscles.

Her whole body is vibrating now, and she jams the fingers of her other hand between her teeth to stop herself from screaming. Then she comes, mating her mouth to yours in a long and passionate kiss and drenching your fingers with cunt juice. You slowly withdraw your hand from under her skirt. She reaches for it tenderly, lifts it to her lips and delicately nibbles at the fingertips, tasting her own fluids.

A fantasy? Not for me. It's a game that I play with my boyfriend every so often, and it marks the culmination of the many hours that he and I have spent mastering the art of finger-fucking. The fact that our adventures in digital diddling sometimes take place in public

*Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*



## LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING

by Judy Christensen

adds a delicious thrill to the proceedings. We're not really exhibitionists, however, and most of the times that his fingers find my cunt we're in bed at home, just like ordinary folks.

I never masturbated as an adolescent, and my few experiences with finger-fucking were rather unpleasant because of rough and ignorant treatment at the hands of former boyfriends. It wasn't until I met my present lover a few months ago that I discovered the almost-magical power that fingers can exercise over the openings of the human body.

The first few times we made love, Michael would give me a massage afterwards. He has fine, long hands—strong yet sensitive—and he'd take special care

of my ass. Once or twice his oiled fingers would naturally creep down my crack and linger around my anus and vagina, and one day I realized to my astonishment that I wasn't pushing them away as I usually would. In fact, I felt so good about it that I wanted more, and the next time we fucked, I guided his hand down to my cunt. I soon forgot all the unfulfilling feels my teen-aged Romeos had copped as I came again and again beneath Michael's caring and talented touch.

Finger-fucking is now an important and regular part of my sex life, and I consider myself an expert, at least as far as being on the receiving end is concerned. And that's why I was delighted when HUSTLER asked me to write this column. There really is an art to finger-fucking, but it's an art anybody can learn, providing one has a willing and trusting partner.

The first rule is fundamental: *Make sure your fingers are as clean as possible and that your nails are trimmed.* The second rule is equally simple: *Wet is good; dry is bad.*

Sound elementary? It is, but my girlfriends tell me that a lot of you guys out there aren't too sure about it. Most men know that the clitoris—the tiny button of flesh located just above the urethral opening, where the vaginal lips join—is the basic nerve center of female sexuality. But it's not like an electrical switch: You can't just flick it to turn it on.

To begin with, the clitoris is often hooded by its own tiny set of lips. While protuberant on many women, it's a kind of shy and retiring little devil on some ladies, and needs careful coaxing to make its appearance. My own clit follows the pattern of a lot of girls I know: It hides at the start of a sex session, makes a brief appearance about halfway through (when I'm starting my first orgasm), and then ducks back under its hood as I approach the big one. My man's fingers can detect it and help it through each of these three phases.

But it wouldn't do much good for him to suddenly and immediately zero in on



it with his middle finger, manipulating it like a guitarist adding vibrato. Clits need lubrication and, like asses, they don't provide their own. I find that the best lubrication of all is my own cunt juice. I usually get quite wet very quickly when we start to make out, and when Michael first parts my legs, nine times out of ten he finds my vaginal lips floating in a sea of juice. Occasionally, however, I'm not as moist as usual, and that's when he gets things going by using his tongue. Then, most often when I'm sitting on his face, he'll insert both thumbs into my cunt and lick and finger-fuck me at the same time.

I like to have him thoroughly explore my cunt with his fingers—first one, then two, then three. I like to imagine that each of his fingers is a tiny cock that has the added advantage of being able to grip, bend and twist. I also like to try to swallow his fingers with my vaginal muscles, sucking them in and trapping them for as long as possible. And when I'm feeling slavish and masochistic, I crave being on my hands and knees—with my ass high and my legs apart—while he thrusts his thumb into my sopping cunt and grips my bush with his fingers. When he holds on tight and moves my whole body any way he wants to, I feel utterly vulnerable and at his command.

When Michael is sure that I'm about as wet as I'm ever going to get, he withdraws his fingers from my cunt and, using them as blunt, inverted spoons, ladles the natural juices of my vagina out and on to my outer lips, thighs and clit. At that point whatever he does to my clit is OK with me! He's built my passion to the boiling point, he's converted moisture into a flood, and he's moved the excess lubrication to where it will do the most good.

Some women at this stage are *all* clit. They want nothing better than a steady finger vibration—east-to-west and back—that starts gently but eventually gets very rapid and very hard. These are generally the women whose clits are large, protuberant and easy to see and feel. But even these women need a new supply of lubrication now and then. So every so often you should go back to the main supply—the cunt—and apply as much juice as you can to the clit. Guys, don't wait until she asks you; if she doesn't need it, the pause will be a welcome tease. (Incidentally, speaking of teasing, it's fun sometimes to insert a finger slowly into your woman's cunt—after you've been eating her out for a while—when she's really expecting your cock. This works particularly well if your partner has her back to you and can't see what you're doing. Then, if you

both like domination games, you can tell her that she'll only get the finger until she begs for your penis.)

My favorite kind of clitoral stimulation is north-to-south, not east-to-west. I like the particular friction of my clit's hood going up and down over it. I find my vagina contracts and expands as this is done, and I get an incredible sensation of my clit being pulled in two directions at once—first by the hood on top, and second by the vaginal lips below.

The way Michael does this best is by using two hands at the same time. While one hand is finger-fucking me and working on my labia, his other is busy on my clit and hood. Despite the fact that some sexologists maintain there is no such thing as a purely vaginal climax, I experience two distinct waves of climaxes when he does this—one from my cunt and the other from my clit... although they do seem to be related to each other.

The variety of methods and techniques you can employ to finger-fuck your old lady is limited only by your imagination. Fingers are incredible mechanisms: They can act as diagnostic tools to tell your partner's cunt size and whether she is menstruating; they communicate at a touch how juicy she is and whether she needs more stimulation.

Which reminds me: A lot of guys *change* what they're doing with their fingers as soon as they get what they think is a positive response. That's dumb and frustrating. When your woman begins to thrash and moan, it usually means she's enjoying it. So keep going until you get a signal, either verbal or physical, to do something else.

The realization that you can bring your lover to an ecstatic orgasm with only your hands and fingers can act like a constant shot of adrenaline to your relationship. And if more men realized that they never have to leave their women high and dry after climaxing *first*—especially on those occasions when the man is tired after a hard day—there'd be many happier homes across the nation.

For men who ejaculate prematurely (and believe me, there are a lot of you out there—ask any woman!) finger-fucking skills are nothing less than essential. Once you know that you can be an erotic genius with your hands, you're not going to want to roll over while your woman simmers in frustration beside you. And you'll never have to apologize or feel bad about coming in 60 seconds again. It's as simple as this: When your cock needs a rest, your hands are still horny. 🍆



"Don't worry, I'll find it!"





"Hey ... the government took our low bid for that nuclear-power plant!"









# BILL BAIRD

## ABORTION ADVOCATE

The atmosphere in the supposedly free-thinking environs of Greater New York was already close to the combustion point. The Liberals had been forced down to the fourth spot on the New York State ballot, and the Conservatives to fifth, with the Right-to-Life Party hot on the tails of the Democrats and the Republicans. Ellen McCormack, the Right-to-Life Party's candidate for the U.S. Presidency, and Mary Jane Tobin, the same party's candidate for the governorship, came out with provocative, indeed *inflammatory*, statements that could easily be construed as placing abortionists on a level with Hitler, Stalin and Idi Amin.

A New York court had appointed Professor Robert Byrn of the Fordham University Law School as Guardian *ad litem* for the fetuses. Assigned to act as lawyer for the unborn, his responsibilities involved protecting their legal rights as minors unable to defend themselves. It was plain that he was meant to stand between unborn generations and the murderous whimsy of their mothers.

In April 1973 a Harris poll had discovered that 52% of 1,500 interviewees supported that year's Supreme Court decision (*Rowe v. Wade*) making abortion legal. Even more encouraging to the pro-abortion movement were the people who didn't really give a damn. Some thought, *I wouldn't have an abortion myself, but I'm not so sure of myself that I'd impose my choice on others*. Some, happily, hadn't given the issue much thought at all. As usual, the shrill voices and the quiet voices mixed. But the shrill voices carried far.

One zealot reached was a 21-year-old robot, Peter I. Burkin, who penetrated the security perimeter around Bill Baird's Hempstead, Long Island, abortion center. While 35 persons were inside, he doused patients and furniture with gasoline and set the place on fire with a makeshift torch. He did \$100,000 worth of damage and nearly roasted two hysterical teenage girls, but a counselor dragged them to safety. Burkin's lawyers al-

lege he thinks he was put up to the job by embryos that communicated with him in Morse code.

Theoretically, an incident of this sort ought to have reduced the combustibility of the atmosphere. But it didn't. Some people seem to think that Peter Burkin is a hero, that he came close to vindicating 6,000,000 murdered babies. Many would like to pick up the torch he dropped. John Mawn of the Long Island Coalition for Life charges that Bill Baird himself bears full responsibility for the firebombing—presumably because he had the gall to open the abortion center.

Baird is 47, but a bartender could ask him for an ID without being laughed at. He doesn't drink; nor does he smoke, swear or run after girls. Until the Hempstead center was burned, he lived in an upstairs room with bars over the window, working 16 hours a day. He lunches and dines on coffee-shop sandwiches, rarely losing more than 15 or 20 minutes in the act. General conversation bores him. He is not only as viceless as Abraham Lincoln but as singleminded and dedicated.

While growing up poor in the Brooklyn slums, he and his brother watched their sister die of appendicitis—misdiagnosed as pneumonia—and made a vow: "If we ever get out of this, we'll do something to help." The brother went to medical school and now runs a celebrity practice on Fifth Avenue; in fulfillment of the vow he also runs a rehabilitation center for drug addicts in Harlem. But his brother, says Baird, is a conservative Republican; Baird describes himself as an "ultrahumanitarian."

Baird himself went to medical school for a year, but he ran out of money and was forced to quit in order to support his family. In 1963 he was clinical director for Emko, the contraceptive-foam manufacturer. The job required him to make advisory visits to hospitals, and on one such occasion he saw a woman with eight inches of coat hanger protruding from her uterus die in front of him in a corridor. This was the event that precipitated

### PROFILE BY MARK ZUSSMAN

Illustration by Ron Kriss



him into the sex-education and abortion movements as an activist. He has now been leading those movements for 16 years, during which time he has been arrested eight times—always, he says, for the same thing: talking. He has also been jailed, beaten, kicked, spat upon and vilified.

Children of eight or nine years assault him on the street, then run back to the sheltering arms of their mothers, who hug them. In Marlboro, Massachusetts, the Immaculate Conception Church flew a black flag at half-mast to protest the presence in the community of "this peddler of death." Saint Ann's Church in Brentwood, Long Island, and three churches in Oregon conducted public masses for his soul.

Baird has also had a number of good days. In the 1972 case *Baird v. Eisenstadt*, arising out of a 1967 Boston arrest for violation of the Massachusetts Crimes Against Chastity statute, the U.S. Supreme Court determined that access to information about birth control and access to birth-control devices are safeguarded by the Constitution. The Court then quoted the language of this decision repeatedly in the 1973 case legalizing abortion. These two cases were highwater-marks for the sex-liberalizers and serious defeats for the conservatives. The latter decided that what they had

lost in the courts they would win back in the legislatures.

The political battle over the past six years has been relentless. Today a precarious equilibrium has been reached. The liberals have the numbers; the conservatives have the organization. The conservatives also enjoy the support of the Church. The country is perched to go either way. Somebody is bound to get hurt.

\* \* \*

The week I spend with Baird is relatively peaceful—not a truce exactly, but a lull in battle. The combatants either avoid each other or, like sparring partners, engage, clench, separate and dance. Civility rules. Both sides gather strength. The argument advances not a jot.

On Sunday, April 22, 1979, Baird pickets. Some weeks earlier a salesman had persuaded him to take a \$500 booth at the Nassau Coliseum Sports, Leisure and Fitness Expo, and on Monday he had been informed by letter that perhaps, after all, it would be just as well if he didn't set up. "Your realm," said the letter, "is too fringe to fit into our Expo." Realm? Fringe? Expo's promotional literature was promising dog-training exhibitions and Stephanie of Vienna on cellulite and facials. Baird had been planning to give VD, birth-

control and abortion information and free blood-pressure tests.

In late morning Baird and a dozen skirmishers begin marching back and forth in front of the entranceway. The crowd is sympathetic but small. Shortly before noon a police sergeant, responding to a complaint, asks Baird to move. Baird says the streets belong to the people—he doesn't have to move.

"How much longer were you planning to stay?" asks the sergeant.

"Fifteen minutes."

"Good," says the sergeant, "by the time I'm done writing out the complaint, you'll be gone."

Having conceded nothing, Baird goes to a meeting of the Nassau County Supervisors the following morning to lodge a complaint. The Coliseum is owned by the county; at the very least the supervisors should uphold Baird's right to picket it.

Baird the libertarian. In the packed hearing room he sits in the back row, because once, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a woman had come up from behind and overturned a holy-water bottleful of hot piss on him; then she ran away shouting, "I've just baptized Bill Baird."

Ruling spirit: California's Proposition 13. One man gives a rousing speech, warning, "The revolution's going to come sooner than you think, and this time it's going to be not blacks, not women, but middle-class working people." Another wants to know why an additional \$1.9 million has to be spent on traffic lights.

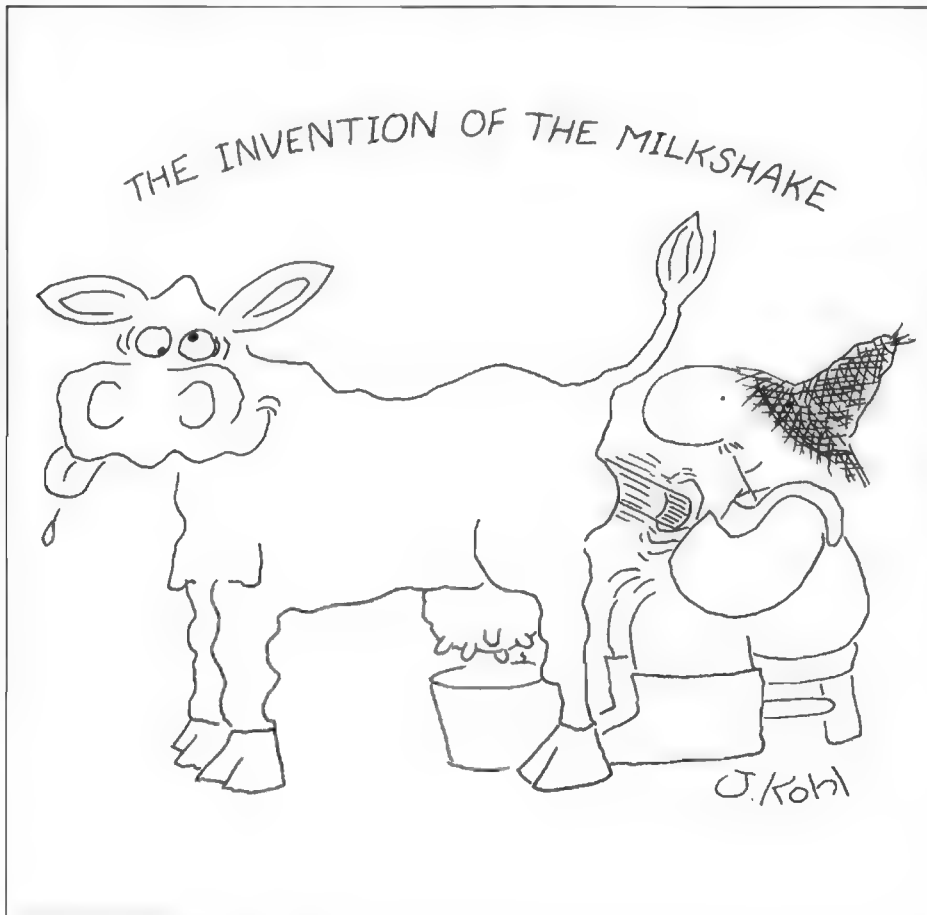
By the time Baird gets to speak half of the supervisors are gone. He stands at the microphone and says, "I have come to talk about what's going on at the Nassau Coliseum—"

"Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum," Walter Sterling admonishes. Sterling is founder and chairman of the Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum Official Name Enforcement Committee.

"May we return to picket peacefully?" Baird asks. "We'd like the supervisors to take a position. Is reproductive health less important to the public than learning how to train a dog?"

Mr. James D. Bennett, the unflappable Supervisor of the Town of Hempstead, responds that the Coliseum has been rented by a private promoter. "If the Rolling Stones had rented the Coliseum, we wouldn't tell them what songs to sing. A private promoter couldn't very well decide that he wouldn't let in, say, black people, but we must give him considerable latitude as to what is exhibited. If he wanted to put on no program at all—just

(continued on page 92)







# RHYTHM METHOD

Photography by Clive McLean







Gentlemen, take note. This is one of the loveliest songbirds that ever laid hands on an organ . . . er . . . piano. Twenty-two-year-old Sondra has got some great pointers for those who'd like to break into the business: "The secret is in the way you move while performing—your ability to excite an audience, and most important, showing your stuff to the right people. And that's my secret for being a perfect model for HUSTLER."













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Leslie Cabreria





## UNIONS IN TROUBLE STRIKING OUT IN AMERICA

Organized labor is in trouble—probably the worst trouble it's been in since 1806. In that year Philadelphia Judge Moses Levy ruled a group of striking boot-makers guilty of joining in a "combination to raise their wages." That fledgling union, said Judge Levy, constituted a "criminal conspiracy," and he promptly slapped an \$8-per-head fine on the striking cobblers and sent them packing.

Workers and the unions that represent them have come a long way since those dismal days. Average hourly wages in the strongest unions—the United Auto Workers (UAW), the Teamsters and the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers (OCAW)—have risen to \$10 and up. Some members who just a half-century ago fought deadly battles with company-owners over the right to join a union now enjoy high pay and safe working conditions, and can look forward to secure retirement. In large part the credit for these advances goes to the tough unions that paved this very rocky road.

Twenty million Americans belong to unions, most of which are affiliated with the AFL-CIO, a federation consisting of more than 100 unions. Despite this impressive membership roll, there are many troubles facing labor unions today. Statistics from the U.S. government highlight the enormity of the problem. With the nation's labor force growing by at least 5 million over the past four years,

**REPORT BY ROBERT McGARVEY**

MANAGEMENT



union membership has dropped by nearly 1 million. The latest report from the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) shows that unions lost more times than they won in attempts to enter into shops during 1978.

In certification elections that year workers rejected unions 54% of the time; it was labor's worst year in decades. To make matters worse, not only are non-union workers refusing to sign up in certification elections, but present union members are opting to go it alone. In decertification elections, where the continued presence of a union in a shop was at stake, workers ejected the union 645 times in 1977, agreeing to keep the union in only 204 of those elections.

The most startling statistic reveals that 30 years ago 40% of all non-agricultural workers proudly sported union cards. Today no more than 20% of the work force holds a union card—and many who do are far from proud.

These statistics can be argued either way. But take them as valid indicators and they point to a single question: Do American workers still need unions? The issue is a simple one to raise, but answers are hard to come by. A close examination of current union affairs reveals much that union leadership and their archenemies—business leaders—would prefer to see forgotten as the vir-

tues and failings of today's unions emerge.

Lane Kirkland, the AFL-CIO's secretary-treasurer and heir apparent to current president George Meany, lives with these constant reminders of organized labor's declining membership. But Kirkland professes not to worry. "Contrary to popular mythology," he argues, "there has never been a period when labor has benefited from overwhelming popularity. What trade unions have to do to protect workers is frequently unpopular and inconvenient." Kirkland is right on many counts, but union leadership itself—men like Kirkland, the Teamsters' Frank Fitzsimmons and the United Mine Workers' Arnold Miller—are doing little to help restore labor's tarnished image.

As early as 1971 Monsignor Charles Owen, a priest with strong ties to Pennsylvania's coal miners, pinpointed a growing problem, one that plagues many unions. Says Owen, "The union that once protected the men from the bosses has become the union that protects the bosses from the men."

Owen is no radical preacher; the facts support him. As UMW President Tony Boyle told a U.S. Senate subcommittee, "The UMW will not abridge the rights of mine operators in running the mines.

We follow the judgment of the coal operators, right or wrong."

When UMW members sought work-related medical-disability payments, Boyle joined the companies' fight to deny their claims. When local mine workers held wildcat walkouts to protest safety conditions, time and again the union ordered them back to work. When Joseph Yablonski challenged Boyle for the union presidency in 1969, threatening to break up the alliance between the union leaders and the mine-owners, Boyle and the UMW hierarchy put out a contract on the dissident's life. Yablonski—along with his wife and daughter—was soon snuffed out by UMW-hired killers.

When reformer Arnold Miller succeeded Boyle, mine workers saw little change. They struck in 1977, and the union leaders immediately urged them to endorse a contract proposal calling for a major reduction in health-care benefits, a weakening of the grievance procedure and a small wage increase linked to stringent productivity standards. The miners bitterly rejected the offer—angered as much by leadership's endorsement of the package as by the company's offer.

In the end the companies backed off, withdrawing the bulk of their demands, but only after the rank-and-file rejected two contract proposals and weathered a 111-day strike. The strike, explains Johns Hopkins University political scientist Ric Pfeffer, "epitomized the contradiction between the rank-and-file and the union bureaucracy which exists because the leaders, who are in daily contact with the company heads, lose touch with their own members. They almost change class, shifting to a different kind of work—negotiating and enforcing contracts."

When was the last time Frank Fitzsimmons drove a truck? When did George Meany last go out on a plumbing job? But that's not the only way union leadership has drifted away from member concerns. No more graphic example can be provided than the salaries union leaders command.

The Teamsters' Fitzsimmons pulls down a yearly salary of \$156,250 plus unlimited expenses, while Secretary-Treasurer Ray Schoessling earns \$125,000 yearly. William Wynn, president of the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union, checks in at \$120,000. George Meany makes \$110,000. Angelo Fosco, president of the Laborers, earns an even \$100,000 per year. All told, eight union leaders' 1978 salaries hit six figures, and

(continued on page 110)







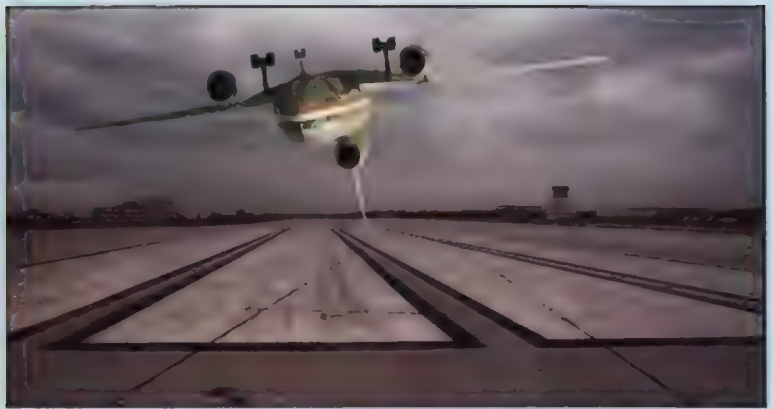
# FEAR OF FRYING

Humor by Bruce David and Lee Quarnstrom

Have you ever wondered why they call them airline "terminals"? Now you know. In the wake of the tragic DC-10 crash in Chicago, HUSTLER spent months digging for the real story on the plane. We received absolutely no help from American Airlines, McDonnell Douglas or governmental agencies, so we decided to wing it. Here is what we found ourselves.



American Airlines  
maintenance crew  
repairs faulty  
engine mount.



Above: DC-10 makes routine  
landing. Right: Federal Aviation  
Administration inspector  
checks DC-10 engine.



**American  
Airlines**

Flying people  
the way people  
want to fly.



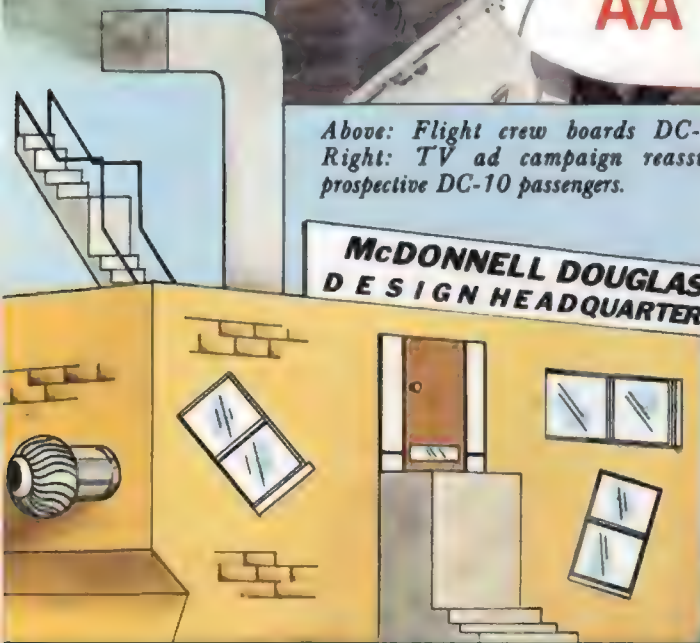
Will  
Chicago  
crash affect  
billboard  
advertising?



Above: Flight crew boards DC-10.  
Right: TV ad campaign reassures  
prospective DC-10 passengers.



**MCDONNELL DOUGLAS  
DESIGN HEADQUARTERS**



WE'RE  
AMERICAN  
AIRLINES...  
DOING WHAT  
WE DO BEST!



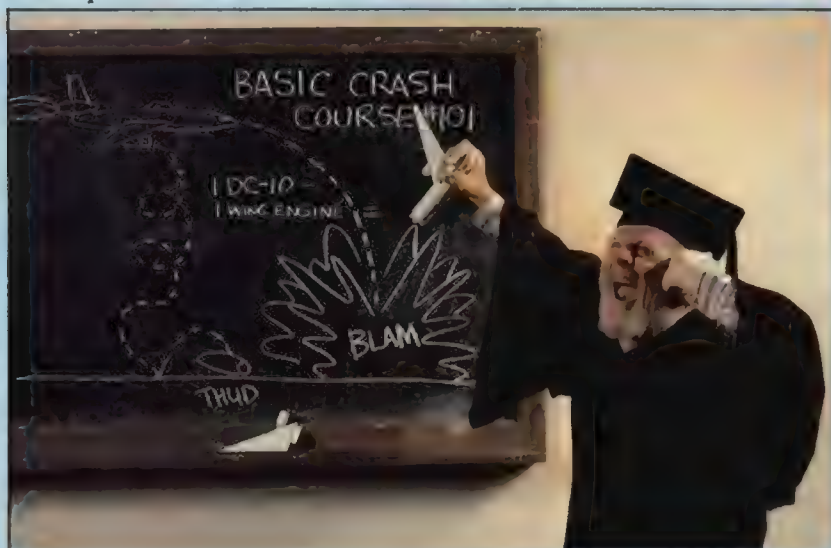
Debarking  
DC-10  
passengers.



Above: Toy companies cash in on tragic disaster. Right and below: Given a clean bill of health by federal inspectors, DC-10s take to the airlines again.



Above: A high McDonnell Douglas executive reassures public that air travel is perfectly safe. Below: McDonnell Douglas steps up crash courses for DC-10 personnel.



McDonnell Douglas executive reflects soberly on the recent DC-10 disaster in Chicago.





See ad on Page 11.





# DEBBIE

## TEQUILA SUNRISE

Sun-nut Debbie spends hours each day basking in the hot California sunshine. As her body bakes, her mind drifts to dreams of pleasure. "After I've been in the sun all day," she says, "I feel drugged, drained." Then her fantasies

seize her as she lounges in the cooling shade of her room. Images drift before her. Seeing herself immersed in a tub of tequila, she plays her solo role. Satiated, she looks forward to tomorrow: Here comes the sun!





















HUSTLER'S HONEY NOVEMBER 1979











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Clarence was driving his co-workers crazy with his constant optimism, so they got together and devised a plan to cure him once and for all. They invented a situation so horrid that no one outside a loony bin could find hope in it.

The next day at work one of the guys ran up to Clarence's desk with tears in his eyes and screamed, "A terrible tragedy just happened at your house, and I'm supposed to break it to you! Your father came home, found your brother in bed with your mother, shot them both dead and then turned the gun on himself! Your entire family is dead... wiped out... gone!"

Clarence frowned for a moment and replied, "That's terrible... but it could have been worse."

Dumbfounded by Clarence's persistent optimism, his co-worker shrieked, "How in hell could it be any worse?!"

"Well," replied Clarence, "it could have happened yesterday... then I'd be a dead man!"

A man stumbled home at dawn. As he weaved into the bedroom, his wife screamed sarcastically, "Got drunk and whored around all night again!"

"Well, ain't that a coincidence!" the man exclaimed. "I did too!"

Question: What do soybeans and vibrators have in common?

Answer: They're both meat substitutes.

A few minutes after a highway accident involving several cars an elderly Jewish woman walked over to a man lying on the side of the road. "Mister, have the police come yet?" she asked.

"No," he moaned.

"Has the ambulance been here yet?"

"No," the injured man repeated.

"Has the insurance company been here yet?"

"No."

"Listen," said the old lady, "do you mind if I lie down next to you?"

Joe sat at the bedside of his dying wife. Her voice was little more than a whisper.

"Joe, darling," she breathed, "I've a confession to make before I go. I... I'm the one who took the \$10,000 from your safe. I spent it during a fling with your best friend. And it was I who forced your mistress to leave town. And I'm the one who reported your income-tax evasion to the IRS."

"That's all right, dearest. Don't even give it a second thought," answered Joe. "I'm the one who poisoned you."

An unfortunate young man broke his penis the day before his wedding, and his doctor insisted that the damaged member be placed in a cast for proper protection. Over the young man's objections the penis was put in plaster.

The next night, in the honeymoon suite, the young man lay in bed and watched in agony as his luscious bride, wearing a transparent negligee, entered the bedroom. She cupped her full breasts and said, "Look at these breasts, untouched by a man's hands." Then she caressed her snatch and moaned, "Look at this pussy, untouched by a man's hands." She moistened her lips seductively and whispered, "Come on, honey. Let's go to it!"

Unable to stand his frustration any longer, the eager young groom stood up on the bed, ripped off his shorts and blurted, "Hell, dear, look at this! Mine's still in its original wrapper!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *fart* as: a Greek love call.

Two car salesmen sitting at a bar were comparing notes over drinks. One said, "Boy, if I don't get out of here and sell some cars, I'm gonna lose my ass this month!" Too late, he realized that a beautiful blonde seated two stools away had overheard his outspoken remark. He apologized to her.

"Forget it," the woman replied. "I know just how you feel. If I don't sell some ass this month, I'm gonna lose my car!"

When he arrived home from the hospital, the father called in his son and said, "Well, Jimmy, your new little brother has just arrived."

"Hey, swell!" said little

Jimmy. "But, Dad, where'd he come from?"

Since Jimmy didn't know the facts of life, the father stuttered somewhat sheepishly, "From a faraway country, son."

"Shit," said little Jimmy, "another damn alien!"

A man rescued a genie from a bottle and was granted one wish as a reward. "I want to be rock-hard and get plenty of ass for the rest of my life," the man said. So the genie turned him into a commode.

*HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.*





# CHESTER & HESTER



DUANE TINSLEY.

"Next Halloween I'm picking out the costumes!"



# ATTACK DOGS

## PUTTING THE BITE ON CRIMINALS

**A**mericans are increasingly worried about crime. We no longer go out and leave our doors unlatched, and most likely we add a series of locks, chains and bolts to them every year. We're buying guns at a rapid rate, and in many locales only a fool dares walk the streets at night. This concern over crime is reflected by the growing popularity of attack dogs. Once kept mainly by the wealthy—to protect their large estates—these highly trained, highly intelligent animals now patrol suburban yards, protect small businesses and even guard small apartments. Military and police agencies, impressed by the skills of trained attack dogs, use the animals to assist their human personnel. These agencies, as well as private individuals who own well-trained guard dogs, swear by the animals. And even criminals will tell you that an attack dog is one of the best crime deterrents available.

What can trained guard dogs do? Let's take a look at two actual cases.

□ A warm summer's evening in a small, central California town. Police responding to a burglar alarm at a warehouse stocked with electronic equipment have to call the warehouse owner because a German shepherd guarding the place won't let them in.

Once the dog is commanded to "stay," the police find an important and grisly piece of evidence. In the dog's jaw is a sleeve from a cloth jacket. Pieces of torn flesh also hang from the animal's mouth. A quick check of local hospitals reveals that a man with a torn jacket and a severely chewed forearm is being treated nearby. The arrest is made, and the burglary charge sticks once the evidence is presented in court.

□ An autumn day in a medium-sized city in Indiana. Police learn of an anonymous phone-caller who warns that a bomb is set to explode in a 300,000-square-foot warehouse. Blackie, a three-year-old Labrador retriever trained to sniff out explosives, arrives with his owner, dog-trainer Rudy Drexler. Forty-five minutes later Blackie stops near some barrels filled with resins, which could burst into flame if a bomb were to explode. Authorities search the area but find no bomb. Heather, another Lab trained by Drexler, is brought to the warehouse. She quickly stops at the same point and signals that explosive materials have been planted nearby. Both dogs have been taught to distinguish the scents of seven different explosives that can be made into 250 bomblike devices. Another search is conducted. This time a device con-

taining explosive black powder is found and safely carried from the warehouse. Police theorize that a disgruntled former employee planted the bomb.

Attack dogs, guard dogs, sentry dogs, command dogs—the terms mean different things to different people, but at rock bottom they all have the same meaning: a dog that has been trained to protect its master or its master's property. To some these dogs are a Godsend, sure protection against thugs and thieves; to others they are volatile, vicious beasts, a danger to their owners and to the community. Trainers and handlers of attack dogs say the animals offer virtually perfect protection for home and humanity. Many other animal experts say any possible benefits the dogs provide are overridden by the dangers they pose.

There are many people in the United States who agree with the trainers and handlers of attack dogs. One prominent trainer estimates that there are almost 200,000 adequately trained guard dogs in this country among the almost 4 million large dogs kept by families and individuals for protection. He says many of those owners feel a large dog gives them a psychological advantage over a potential burglar.

Article by Lee Quarnstrom

Illustration by Ren Wicks







# BUYING THE RIGHT ATTACK DOG

There are several important steps you should take before buying an attack dog, a sentry dog or whatever you want to call a canine guard. Only a fool would stumble into a kennel and order the biggest, fiercest-looking beast on the premises without having given the matter a great deal of thought.

The first, and possibly most important, step you should take before buying such a dog is to consider the whole picture. Weigh the dangers, the legal liabilities, the responsibilities and the costs of having such an animal around your residence against the possible protection the dog might provide.

Did you know, for instance, that courts in some states have ruled that the owner of a vicious dog is liable for damages caused by his animal—even if the bite victim is an illegal intruder? Did you know that while some homeowner-insurance policies may cover bites by trained attack dogs, your policy might be canceled if you don't get rid of the dog after one biting incident?

What breeds make good protection dogs? Most, if not all, breeds can be trained to respond aggressively. A major factor is size. Let's look at some of the more popular breeds:

The German shepherd is the classic attack dog, the typical police or military K-9 patrol animal. The shepherd's place as the nation's second-most-popular dog (behind the poodle) was taken last year, for the first time, by the Doberman pinscher. Both are big dogs. Both can be dangerous. Both breeds are capable of being trained, provided the animal has the right temperament.

Some trainers recommend Irish setters, although animal expert Roger Caras calls them "very unstable dogs, poorly bred."

Trainer Rudy Drexler likes giant schnauzers and Rottweilers, as well as Dobermans and German shepherds. In fact, Drexler says only a few breeds don't make good protection dogs. He recommends against the old English sheep dog, for instance, saying it is inbred, distrustful and has so much hair hanging in its eyes that it can't see whom it's barking at or whom it's biting. He also cautions against the St. Bernard, noting that these huge beasts have eaten people.

OK. You've picked the type of dog you want. The next step—a key step—in the process is making certain you are dealing with an upstanding and competent trainer. Most guard dogs are purchased from trainers. In some locales, such as Los Angeles or New York City, they must be licensed. In Los Angeles not only must

trainers be licensed but all guard dogs must be registered as such with the city. Persons buying such dogs must receive instructions themselves in the handling of their animals. Special tags for guard dogs are issued; the same is true in New York City, where large tags must be worn by such dogs to warn strangers that the playful dog in the park may be a trained killer.

How do you find a good trainer? Drexler suggests contacting the Chamber of Commerce, the Better Business Bureau and a veterinarian for recommendations. Then, he says, deal with a trainer only if he'll supply you with the names of at least ten persons who have purchased that type of dog from the kennel. Drexler suggests buying a puppy—but only after you've spoken with several other persons who've purchased one with the same dam and sire. Check with those other dog-owners, he says, to see what kind of temperaments their dogs have, how their physical health is and whether they responded well to training. Inspect the kennel to check for cleanliness. Make certain the trainer has papers for the dog and that your animal isn't one the trainer found at the pound and is trying to unload as a well-bred animal.

Take the animal to a veterinarian for a complete checkup. Be certain you can return the animal or trade it in if the vet discovers serious health problems.

Keep in mind that a dog trained by a skilled, reputable handler is going to cost you somewhere between \$900 and \$3,000, depending on the breed and on the level of training desired. Also remember that it's going to cost you at least a couple of hundred dollars a year to feed the dog and to take care of normal veterinary problems. Another factor to consider is that some dogs require periodic brush-ups in their training—which could cost you extra dollars. (Some kennels, such as Drexler's, provide lifetime deals under which dogs will be retrained at no cost other than boarding fees if problems develop and more schooling becomes necessary.)

So do you want an attack dog or don't you? If you do, you know that you may face some problems with the animal, but you also realize that you are buying some measure of protection and security—and, perhaps, companionship. Whatever you do, make certain that you are dealing with a reputable trainer, that you are buying a healthy dog with a good disposition and that you are willing and able to give the animal a good home. Follow these guidelines, and odds are that you'll end up satisfied.

Whether the growing population of guard dogs in America can be credited with a gradual drop in the number of break-ins is debatable. The FBI keeps statistics on crime but offers no opinion on the contribution of guard dogs to the decreasing burglary rate. Nonetheless, the 3,052,200 burglaries reported in the nation in 1977 (the most recent statistic available from the FBI) amount to a 1.2% drop in the burglary rate from the previous year. In major cities the rate dropped 4.5% during the same period.

Despite the slight decline in the burglary rate, crime is up in many areas of the country. And the fact that 1,411 out of every 100,000 Americans were burglary victims in 1977 offers small consolation to the rest of us. It's no wonder that we, as a nation, are thinking more and more in terms of crime prevention.

As the popularity of guard dogs increases, so do dog-related problems. Dr. Alan Beck, director of the Bureau of Animal Affairs in New York City, estimates that there are well over a million dog bites in this country every year. In fact, among youngsters between the ages of five and nine, he says, there are more dog bites than cases of childhood diseases. He notes that in many rural areas fees collected through the sale of dog licenses are used to reimburse the owners of cattle and sheep whose animals have been ravaged by dogs. No such program exists for human dog-bite victims in urban areas, Dr. Beck points out.

. . .

The fact that dogs can be vicious—combined with their capacity for intelligence—makes them perfect "recruits" for police and military agencies. There have been estimates that some dogs have the intelligence of five-to-12-year-old humans, and for a while the Army was reportedly breeding a superintelligent "super dog." A cross between a standard poodle (known for its intelligence) and the German shepherd (known for its strength and stamina), this "super dog" was being bred to assist troops in times of war. The breeding experiment was shrouded in secrecy, but there have been reports that the "super dog" was being trained for actual combat missions, forays across enemy lines where soldiers couldn't go.

Officially, all dogs used by the American military are trained at Lackland Air Force Base near San Antonio, Texas. Also trained at Lackland are dogs used by the FBI, the Secret Service, the Border Patrol, various police departments and other governmental agencies. The Air Force mostly trains the dogs as "patrol" animals. This means they are





"Now will you vote for me?"



not particularly vicious unless their handlers are threatened. Patrol dogs are frequently used by police agencies. Dogs trained for the Army, however, are "sentry" dogs, meaning they are taught to attack anyone but their trainer. They are used to guard Army installations against trespassers.

Some dogs are being trained to patrol an area without a handler. If the animal detects anything wrong, such as an intruder, it goes to a control panel and pushes an alarm button. This allows one soldier to oversee several areas protected by several dogs.

Military dogs have been trained to sniff out land mines. They have been trained, as have attack dogs used by civilians, to recognize poisons. (This quality is particularly important for sentry dogs used by businesses and homeowners; burglars have been known to throw poisoned meat over fences in attempts to kill guard dogs before entering a house or place of business.)

Methods of training guard dogs differ, but all authorities agree on this: A well-trained, dependable animal is always treated with kindness and respect. Only disreputable trainers use pain and humiliation to teach their canine charges.

Repetition and reward—that is the basis of the training programs used by

creditable animal-handlers. Even when a dog is being trained to respond aggressively—to snarl, attack or bite—the animal is treated with respect. While shady trainers resort to whippings and even to electrically charged collars to inflict pain, most handlers use kindness. Even though a dog is being taught to attack or repel intruders, the trainer uses the same methods used to teach a household pet to obey its owners.

At Rudy Drexler's Orchard Kennels, Inc., School for Dogs in Elkhart, Indiana, Drexler—one of the most respected dog-trainers in the country—trains almost 600 dogs a year. His canine students range from pets in need of obedience-schooling to special animals trained to sniff out drugs and bombs. Drexler, naturally, is sold on the concept of protection dogs—but only if they are taught by an upstanding and skilled trainer. Drexler also readies dogs to locate bodies in the debris of airplane crashes or other catastrophes and for patrol work and crowd-control and riot-control duties with police agencies.

The U.S. Customs Service trains dogs at Front Royal, Virginia, to perform the task of finding contraband marijuana and narcotics. These dogs are usually larger animals—German shepherds for the most part—because they must spend

hours at a time romping through large post offices or airport baggage terminals, nostrils flared, sniffing for the illicit materials. Smaller dogs don't have the stamina for the job.

Like all reputable dog-trainers (and there are many dog "trainers" who are rip-off artists who don't know a basset hound from a bloodhound), Drexler says the single most important factor in selecting an animal for schooling is its temperament. He says that only one in ten German shepherds can be instructed to attack on command—and to restrain itself on command—and only one in five Dobermans can be taught to protect.

Guy Hodge, research director for the Humane Society of the United States, says that "all reputable agencies in sentry- or attack-dog training have a very careful screening process for dogs. They look at the animal's temperament, at its physical conditioning, at its breeding, at its previous home environment. I must add that the average pet-owner is incapable of making such an evaluation."

Hodge comes down hard on the less-than-reputable dog-trainers. He says he knows that many trainers use inhumane techniques—food deprivation, striking and slapping, electrical shocks—to make animals aggressive. There is even a collar with inverted spikes that dig into a dog's neck to make it mean, he says. Hodge complains that many persons who go into the training and handling of dogs have little or no experience in the field.

One group attempting to tighten standards in the business is the United States Professional Dog Trainers Association. Rudy Drexler is its Indiana regional director.

"They are the perfect alarm systems with teeth," he says. "A trained dog will work as many hours as necessary, is more alert than an armed guard, has a greater sense of smell and hearing, doesn't get paid vacations or days off and has the psychological advantage over an intruder. Plus, his maintenance and costs are tax deductible." Drexler also points out that dogs are perfect for persons who don't want loaded guns in their homes—and respond much more quickly than a human who might try to load a pistol upon hearing someone on the porch.

Drexler, who has trained dogs for 27 police departments in the U.S. and Canada, sells several basic types of animals to individuals. His terminology for these dogs may be different than that used by other trainers, but basically, most reputable dog-trainers handle the same types:

(continued on page 76)








# COFFEE

## HOT & BLACK

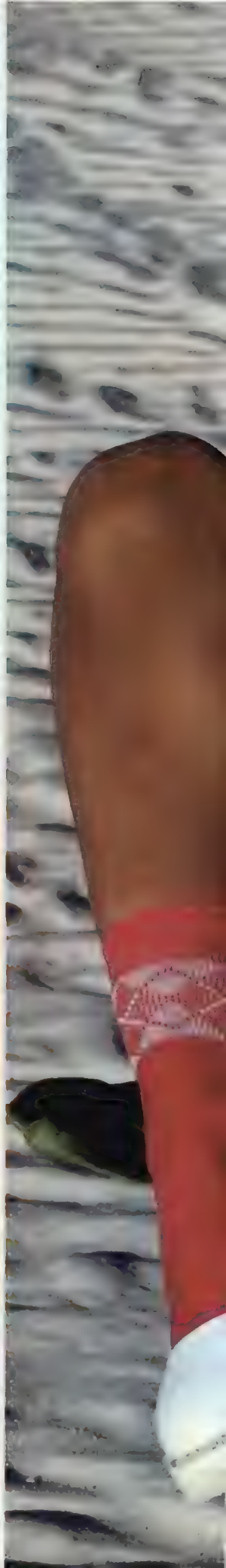
Photography by James Baez

21



A woman with dark skin and long dark hair is lying on a beach chair on a sandy beach. She is wearing a green headscarf and a yellow sarong. She is holding a green beach ball in her right hand. A yellow beach umbrella is partially visible in the upper left corner. The background is a clear blue sky.

Coffee loves to go naked and natural when she feels the warm Mediterranean sun beating down. She's always hot to soak up the solar warmth all over her mocha skin. She lifts her pink genitals to the searing kiss of the sun. It turns her on, almost as if she's making love to the blazing sun god Ra. Coffee is a strong stimulant, which is probably why she was picked for a part in the film *Emmanuelle II*.

















## ATTACK DOGS

(continued from page 70)

**Command dog.** Obedience-trained, this animal is also taught to attack on command. Drexler says his command-trained dogs "return to a puppylike state" of calm when ordered to do so.

**Guard dog.** Not recommended for families, this is the type of dog left to patrol businesses, trained to attack any intruders. In some areas these dogs can be rented or leased from firms that will pick up the dogs when doors open for business in the morning.

**Image dog.** Like the command dog, this animal is obedience-trained and is great for families, Drexler says. The image dog is trained to bark and to simulate attack when burglars or other suspicious persons approach, but the animal is taught *not* to bite.

There are dangers in having an attack dog around your residence. "Having an attack-trained dog in your house is like having a loaded .45 sitting on the coffee table in your living room." Phyllis Wright says she knows what she's talking about. She is director of animal control for the Humane Society of the United States. During the Korean War she was in charge of the Army's war-dog program, buying and training the animals. She *knows* that the 600 pounds per

square inch exerted by the jaws of a Doberman can maim or kill. She now refuses to train attack dogs for any private citizens.

She can tell you about the unscrupulous "trainers" who abuse their charges, slap towels in their faces, beat them with sticks to make the dogs mean and aggressive. She can tell you about "trainers" who scour pounds and animal shelters, taking dogs turned in by families because the animals were too dangerous to live with children. These same dogs, she says, may well be sold with the potentially fatal lie that they're "good with children."

A dog, she says, "is not a thinking animal that can discern between roughhousing and attack. It is just plain dangerous to have them around the house. The most important thing a buyer should understand is that a dog is a limited creature."

Wright says that the sale of poorly trained guard dogs could be "the biggest area of consumer fraud in the world." However, she notes that there are many honest and skilled trainers.

She cautions that anyone thinking about buying a guard dog should be able to take on the financial responsibility of a lawsuit resulting from an attack. She says owners must have the time and the money to adequately care

for a dog. There must be space—and plenty of it—to keep the dog when it's not on guard duty.

Wright, like Drexler, believes that an image dog can satisfy many persons who want an animal for protection. She says a wirehaired terrier can be as much of a safeguard as a big animal because thieves are likely to be as discouraged by barking as by the knowledge that a snarling attack dog is inside.

Drexler notes that a study at a state prison indicated that a barking dog is a major deterrent to burglars. But he says that "a good professional can get in, no matter what kind of dog you have."

"I wouldn't have an attack dog on my premises," Roger Caras says. Caras is special correspondent for animals and the environment for ABC-TV and commentator on pets and wildlife for CBS-owned-and-operated radio stations. He's on the faculty of the school of veterinary medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Caras doesn't hold back any punches when he talks about guard dogs. He is especially angry when he hears some trainers suggest that their dogs absolutely will not harm anyone. (Upstanding dog-trainers, to be sure, never make such claims.)

"It's bullshit to tell someone you have a foolproof dog," Caras says. "I'm up to my ass in dogs, and I know that no one but an asshole would try to convince you that there is such a thing. If you own a dog that's been trained to intimidate, to menace human beings, you are setting up an accident to happen. Do you really believe that a dog will at all times use good judgment, will at all times interpret properly the intent of everyone with whom he comes in contact, will always know good people from bad people, will always respond adequately but will never, ever overrespond? That would mean you'd have a dog infinitely more reliable than any human being who ever lived.

"I believe that no one has the right to inflict upon society a dog that has the training and the inspiration to kill, to harm or to intimidate."

As a dog-lover, Caras says many persons who say they train dogs "are in it for the big, fast hustle. They make big bucks. They go to the pound or take dogs too vicious to be pets and beat and torture the shit out of them, then sell them for 3,000 bucks."

Describing himself as "somewhere to the right of Genghis Khan when it comes to crime," Caras says he is enraged by rising crime rates and is "sick and tired of being ripped off." He

(continued on page 109)







"It doesn't scare many crows, but it sure keeps the Jews away!"



# THREE WOMEN

FICTION BY ROY CAMPBELL

I have just finished writing the eulogy for Eleanor. It is short, only a few sentences, but there will be no funeral. I will read the eulogy at the cemetery, and it will probably be raining.

Now I cannot stop writing. I have to tell the story. Maybe if I write it out, I will understand what happened today.

You should know this: Eleanor was a sad giant. Not fat. She was big, nearly 6-6, and she had large breasts and thick, red hair that fell down her back past her waist. When she ran, it streamed behind her like a bloody bridal train. She always seemed to be running.

She was 30, and she lived alone in the house next door to my family's on the south side of the bridge.

In our town the bridge divides the common people from the wealthy. On the south side houses are small and squeezed onto little streets. On the north side houses are man-

sions with broad, green lawns. Julie lived—

But I am not interested in Julie yet.

Eleanor was the beautiful one. She had freckles and skin the color of a pale rose. She taught physical education at the high school a mile up the street from my house, the high school I attend, and she ran home every afternoon. She moved next door last spring, a year ago, when I was only 15. I fell in love with her, and I rushed home from school every afternoon to sit in front of my house and watch her run by.

She changed clothes at school, and 30 minutes after the students left, she ran for home. In the winter she wore a jogging suit, but in the other seasons she wore a pair of white shorts and a white T-shirt and white running shoes. I could see her coming from blocks away, big









and white and followed by red, flowing hair. She would run past my house on the way to hers, and she would smile at me, wave at me, before she went inside.

I knew she took a shower after her run, and as I grew older, I wanted more and more to follow her, to see her giant, freckled body through the bathroom steam. But I couldn't. She was a teacher, and I am still in high school. She was tall, and I am only 5-4. She had long hair, and I am already going bald.

But Eleanor was lonely. There was sadness in her eyes even when she smiled. She was friendly to me and my parents, but she had only one close friend. That was Julie, who was 25 or so and who lived with her parents on the north side of the bridge. As far as I know, Julie didn't have a job. She drove a little sports car and wore cut-off jeans and halter tops and came to see Eleanor almost every night. She was short, even shorter than I am, and her blond hair was cut very short, in a burr like a little boy's.

One night last autumn I walked by Eleanor's house and saw them through the living-room window. Eleanor was wearing a little white bathrobe and was lying on the floor, lying stiff as if she were dead. Julie was sitting on the couch, watching Eleanor.

But that scene has nothing to do with

my story. I must tell about today.

Today is Saturday, the last day in April, a wet April, for it has rained almost every day. I am 16, and I have been lifting weights for more than a year.

Last night my parents left on a weekend trip. This morning I got up early and put on my jeans and sneakers and walked through the lonely house. I went outside to get the paper.

The air was steamy. I knew the sun should be coming up, but thunderclouds made the morning gray. In the grayness I saw Eleanor. She was in white; she was running by our house.

This time she stopped.

"Looks like more rain," she said.

"Yeah." Silently I cursed myself. She wanted to talk, but all I could say was yeah. Her friendliness made me uneasy, so I just stood there and hoped she would notice the muscles in my naked chest.

She noticed. She took me in with her eyes. Then she smiled faintly, nervously.

"Uh, your mother said you were going out of town this weekend."

"They went. I didn't." Now I didn't want to say much. I didn't want my voice to break with nervousness.

"Would you—I mean, maybe you'd like to join me for coffee."

"Sure," I grinned.

I left the paper on the front walk and followed her. In a few minutes I was sitting on her couch, and she was handing me coffee in a big mug. I sipped it. The heat of the coffee felt good on that dreary morning.

She held her own mug in her hand and went over and turned on the air conditioner.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, "but I have to cool off."

"It's nice." I liked the cool air on my chest.

Eleanor came back and sat down beside me. She sipped her coffee and slipped out of her shoes and stretched her long, strong legs across the low table in front of us. I eased my shoes off and did the same.

She looked at her beautiful legs. "I wish I wasn't so big. I wish I was more petite, more girl-like. Then I could wear fancy dresses and nice perfume. I'm a big, sweaty horse."

"I think you're very pretty," I said, but I didn't look at her. I stared at my bare feet on the table and past them to the moaning air conditioner across the room.

"Thank you," she whispered. She was silent for a few seconds. Then she asked, "How old are you?"

I glanced at her. She was not looking at me. She was staring straight ahead. I focused my eyes on the air conditioner again before I answered her.

"Sixteen."

"Funny. You look older." She said it as if she were talking in her sleep.

"It's my hair. I'm going bald. My father was bald before he was 20."

"My husband was bald."

Then I did look at her. "Your husband? I didn't know you—"

"I was married right after high school. He was bald and short and a year older than I was. I know his friends kidded him about dating me, because he was short and I was so tall."

I was looking at her, at her beautiful breasts that moved up and down in her T-shirt as she breathed, but she still wasn't watching me. "He used to call me Eleanor Rigby. He liked that song. Do you know it?"

It took me a second to realize that she was asking me, for she had not turned toward me. "By the Beatles," I said. "It's a nice song."

"Of course, it's sad."

"Yeah, sad."

"Six months after we were married, he was drafted. He was killed in action in Vietnam."

"I'm sorry, Eleanor."

A faint smile went across her lips. "It's all right now."



DAVE COVERLY

"... and how long have you had the feeling that everyone is out to get you?"





"Hey, everybody! I just lost seven pounds!"



We sat for a moment in silence. She stared straight ahead, and I watched her, and in my mind I heard that song.

Then she turned her whole body toward me and eased her leg up between us. She stretched her arm across the back of the couch.

"You'll be a senior next year, right?"

"Yeah."

"Are you going to college?"

"I'm thinking of it. I sort of want to be a writer."

She rubbed the top of my head with her fingers. "He wanted to write too."

Eleanor sat her coffee mug on the table. I followed her example, for I knew what was coming, and I wanted it as much as she did. She touched my face with her hand, moved her face toward mine, kissed me and put her massive, beautiful arms around me.

I closed my eyes and opened my mouth and let her body engulf me. She turned me and moved me smoothly so that I lay across her lap, held by her strong arms. Her warm, wet tongue moved in my mouth.

She broke the kiss and held me to her breast. "Don't think I'm a bad woman. Don't think I'm unfaithful."

"I won't."

She gently pushed me away, stood up, took my hand and led me into her cool bedroom.

The room was dark. She walked to a little table and clicked on a lamp. Its soft glow covered the white sheets on the bed, her white T-shirt, her white shorts. But her freckled face, because she was so tall, was still in shadows. She slipped the T-shirt over her head; she had to pull her long hair through its neck. Then she eased the running shorts down her pale-rose legs.

I stood next to her. When she was naked, she seemed larger than ever. She towered over me. She reached down and unbuttoned my jeans, unzipped them; then, going to her knees, she pulled them down my legs and let me step out of them.

She went down even farther, on her hands and knees, and her beautiful mouth kissed my cock. She opened her lips and took it in, making it hard and long. Her mouth was cool and damp.

When I was ready, she lay on the white, cool sheet, and I climbed on top of her. She ran her fingers through my thinning hair, tickling my scalp with her nails. Then she moved her hands down my body slowly, touching my sides and my back with her fingertips, making my skin tingle. When she got to my cock, she touched it lightly, then caressed it and finally guided it into her.

I felt lost on the mountains of Eleanor's body, but the smell of her sweat

and a strange new smell made me feel safe. My head rested on her breasts. I sucked one rosy nipple, then the other.

In the peaceful glow from the lamp her body moved under me like a steady sea as she ran her fingertips up and down my back. Her hair moved up and touched my skin, now sweaty like hers. The red strands clung to me, tickled my flesh as her fingers did, held me safely on her body. As her legs went around my back, I heard her humming. I recognized the song: "Eleanor Rigby." I knew she was thinking of him, but I didn't care.

When it was over, I rolled off her onto the sheets. I looked into her eyes. She had stopped humming; she was crying.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she said, sniffing her tears.

"I'm sleepy."

"Go ahead and sleep." She put her arm under my head and kissed me.

I fell asleep feeling safe with that song going through my head. When I woke, she was gone. I looked down at the floor. My jeans were there, but her white things were not. The lamp still glowed, and the clock next to it said 12:00, but I didn't know if it was noon or midnight. And I didn't care. I closed my eyes and waited for Eleanor to return to me.

A clap of thunder woke me again. I was still alone. I looked at the clock. Four o'clock. I lifted the shade on the window and saw the rain pouring down. But cars moved up and down the street, so I guessed it had to be four in the afternoon.

I was hungry. I would put on my jeans and go home and eat, I decided, and then I would watch for Eleanor.

As I dashed from her house to mine, I noticed the morning paper on the sidewalk. It was soaked. I picked it up and took it into my house.

The phone was ringing. I rushed to answer it. A breathless woman on the other end said she wanted to talk to me. She said she was Julie's mother.

"We've been trying to find you for hours. Julie wants you."

"Me? Why?"

"Eleanor is missing. She may be dead."

The woman's words made me numb. Something began to buzz behind my eyes.

"Her car was found near the bridge. Eleanor came over here this morning and told Julie she was going to kill herself. The police are dragging the river."

I put the wet newspaper against my chest, trying to catch my breath.

(continued on page 118)



"Sheet, no! Ain't got no rat problem roun' here!"





"Honest, honey, it's just a gag. It doesn't really look like this!"



# The TOY SHOPPE

A woman dressed as a ballerina, wearing a white tutu, white tights, and white ballet slippers, sits gracefully on a large, multi-colored toy block. She is looking off to the side with a serene expression. To her right, the legs of a giant doll are visible, wearing blue pants, yellow socks, and black sneakers with white laces. The background is a solid blue color, and the overall scene is set in a playful, toy-filled environment.

They sit quietly on the shelf all day long, eagerly waiting for the day to end. When the lights go out, it's time for the real fun and games to begin. The brave young soldier finds out what living dolls girls can be — while she teaches him that playing around isn't only for kids. They may only be playthings, but their passion is nothing to be toyed with when they're in each other's arms.































## PROFILE: BILL BAIRD

(continued from page 40)

pay the rent—he could do that.”

Baird: “My attorney, Mr. Jerome Seidel of the ACLU, is standing by at the telephone. We are prepared to go into federal court today to sue not just the Coliseum but the county for restricting our freedom of speech and the access of the public to information.”

Mr. Bennett observes that the Constitutional issue is a technical one. The representative from the county attorney's office is appealed to, but he isn't sure what ordinances govern picketing at the Coliseum.

Baird: “The streets belong to we, the people.”

“Well, there's no sense getting involved in an ACLU suit over this,” says Bennett. The county attorney's office is instructed to look into the matter and report back. On Tuesday, however, the county has still not been heard from, and Baird instructs attorney Seidel to go ahead and sue.

The strange thing about John F. Kennedy High School in Plainview, Long Island, is that the kids don't seem to have pregnancy and abortion on their minds—except maybe as a philosophical issue. These are middle-class kids.

Fifteen years from now they'll go to cocktail parties and ravage each other's personalities; today they go to bull sessions and speculate about the invisible and the intangible. It's not that the kids aren't doing it; quite the contrary. But so far pregnancy and abortion haven't touched many of them personally.

This afternoon Baird has been pitted in debate against Vincent Carey, a congressional candidate of the Right-to-Life Party who is in the religious-candle business. There are to be arguments and rebuttals, then questions from the floor.

Baird begins by making reference to a recent study showing that 20% of the U.S. population under 15 years of age has engaged in sexual intercourse. What is at issue, he says, is the right to control “your own destinies, your own bodies; whether you have intercourse or not is your business.” The same is held to be true of abortion. Anticipating Carey, he says, “Nobody in this room would call an acorn an oak tree, but you are going to hear today that an egg the size of a pencil dot is a person.”

The kids go for this—they like Baird's open-neck style, and they applaud. Carey begins at a disadvantage.

“After all that applause I don't know if I should even continue,” he says. And then earnest: “In this spring season, when everyone is celebrating the rebirth

of life, it is incongruous that we should sit here discussing an issue of life and death. But that is the real heart of the debate about abortion. When does life begin? Mr. Baird speaks of pencil dots, but any scientist will tell you that life begins at the moment of conception, and the government has not only the right but the obligation to protect that life, even against the mother.”

Back to Baird: “Life begins before conception. Have you ever heard of a dead sperm fertilizing a live egg, or a live sperm fertilizing a dead egg?”

Carey again: “From the moment of conception a third individual exists and has to be protected. Mr. Baird talks about size. Does the fact that I'm 6-2 and he's 5-10 mean that he's any less human than I am? Of course you have the right to choose whether you want a baby or not, but as soon as you're pregnant, the time for choosing is over.”

Baird: “The IUD is actually an abortifacient, not a contraceptive. Its effect is to prevent the egg from attaching to the wall of the uterus, a few days after it's been fertilized. If we follow Mr. Carey's logic, then the IUD is a killer, and every woman with an IUD should be arrested for carrying a concealed weapon.”

The kids adore this, and Carey waffles. Then, in the question-answer period, a mousy little girl asks the clinker: “How about rape, Mr. Carey? Would you be opposed to abortion in the case of rape?”

“This,” Mr. Carey allows, “is the hard-rock issue”—and his face turns appropriately red. “The woman would deserve all the help she could get, but the baby is as innocent as the mother. The rapist can't be executed. Why should the baby be?”

“He's off the wall!” one girl says, walking out.

Since the firebombing in Hempstead all of Baird's Long Island operations have been consolidated in the new Hauppauge center. It is the last space from the road in a somewhat gritty industrial park. In the parking area there are as many cars as might surround a suburban roadhouse on a Saturday night. In one of them, a monster Buick, a teenage girl puts the finishing touches on her makeup. But for what? Maybe she's a Kennedy High School girl who heard Baird talk and made the decision. In any case, there aren't any pickets, meaning that the facility hasn't been discovered by the Right-to-Lifers. When the Hempstead center was in operation, they not only had pickets but also jotted down license-plate numbers

(continued on page 102)



# Beaver Hunt

Here's a novel way to celebrate Thanksgiving and earn yourself some pocket money at the same time: Get that camera loaded and aim it where it'll do you and your wife or girlfriend the most good! We'll pay \$50 for every *Beaver Hunt* photo we publish, and if the combination of your skill and her pussy is hot enough, we might even select her for an extended photo-feature at professional rates. All

photos sent in become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. As always, we're also looking for snapshots of guys and couples. Send all entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model-release form on page 102 (or a complete facsimile of it) and fill it out fully and write clearly.

Photo by Jim Hill



Gina is 22 years old and works in a massage parlor in Madison, Illinois. She tells us that the parlor takes care of all of her sexual fantasies.

Photo by Vince



Twenty-three-year-old Debbie lives in Antioch, Tennessee. Her sexual fantasy is to appear in HUSTLER Magazine.



Photo by Anthony Frazier



Four-year-old Mollie from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a cathouse-owner who enjoys biting ankles and riding in a custom shoebox while clawing her way to the top. Her chief sexual fantasy involves being gangraped by ten mice.



Photo by Jim Downs

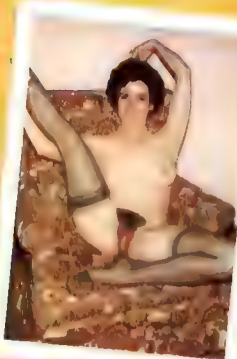
Samoa, California, is home to Sarah, a 32-year-old receiving clerk who enjoys fishing and stock-car racing. Her dream has come true — to see herself in HUSTLER.

Photo by Friend



Vicki Canton, 27, is a nightclub hostess in Olongapo City in the Philippines. Witty Vicki says her hobby is "raising fighting cocks"; her fantasy is to get it on with several guys—"one in each hole, while others watch and wait."

Photo by Jack

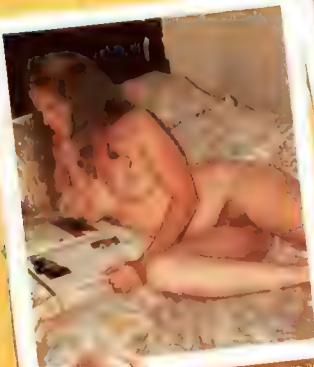


Sue Stewart, 25, is a dancer from Boston, Massachusetts, who enjoys swimming and waterskiing. She says she'd like "to make love on a warm beach with another woman."

This 19-year-old honey is Yvonne Mark from Venice, California. Yvonne's an interior designer who enjoys scuba-diving and playing the piano. She fantasizes about making love to her husband and her girlfriend at the same time.



Photo by Robert Pape



R. F. is a 20-year-old housewife and mother of two from Trenton, Florida. Her hobby is "having a good time with my ~~husband~~," and her sexual fantasy is "to make my own X-rated movie."

Photo by P. F.



Photo by Al



Here's a Beaver from Beaverton, Oregon—28-year-old Virginia Wells. Virginia's hobbies are skiing and sex, and she wants to make love to two men at the same time.

Photo by Don



Arline De Salvo is a 22-year-old model from Chagrin Falls, Ohio. She's a nature-lover who enjoys swimming, and her sexual fantasy is to be a "professional call girl" and to "please older, wealthy men."

Meet Georgean, a 20-year-old practical nurse from Goulds, Florida, whose hobbies include photography and yoga. Her fantasy is "being stopped at a red light and giving my boyfriend Denis a blowjob while a busload of people get an eyeful."

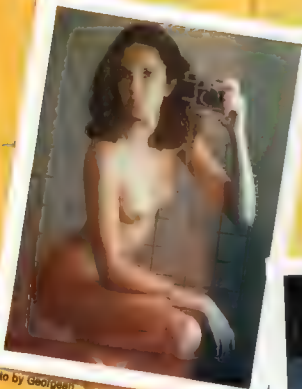
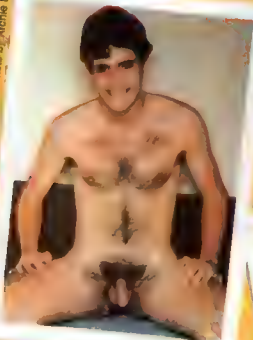


Photo by Georgean

# One for the Ladies

Photo by Archie Betz



Archie "Waylon" Betz, 33, is a construction worker from Coyote, California. He likes playing basketball, and dreams about "a romantic evening with Deborah Harry of the rock group Blondie."

Margaret Shafer, 24, is a secretary from Orangevale, California, who likes motorcycle-riding. She fantasizes about making love in the wilderness and "running around nude."

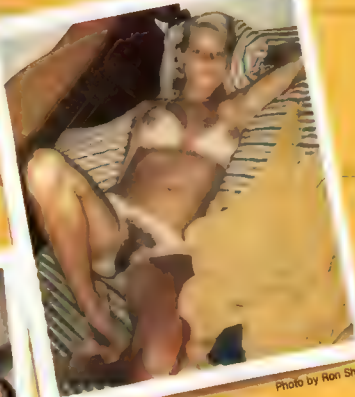


Photo by Ron Shafer



In 1977 she was Miss Nude Hawaii, and now she's in *Beaver Hunt!* Meet 26-year-old Lily from Honolulu. She's a secretary who enjoys cooking, sewing and weight-lifting, and her sexual fantasy is "to make five people climax on me at the same time."

Photo by Roy



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Three years ago I found myself frantically searching for three roommates to help me meet the rent on a \$460-per-month house located near the campus of Central Michigan University. (The three friends who'd planned to share the place with me all chose not to return to school that fall.)

So I rushed around town and put up notices on every bulletin board I could find. I also placed ads in three local newspapers: "HELP! Single male student needs three roommates immediately. Big four-bedroom off-campus bungalow. Quiet, peaceful, utilities paid. An equal-opportunity individual."

When the first day passed without a single call, I figured I was doomed. On the second day, however, I received a call around noon. I was quite surprised to hear a female voice. "My name's Jan," the caller said. "I'm a junior up here. I have these two girlfriends, and we're desperate... for a place to stay, that is."

We talked about the rent, and she assured me that they all had part-time jobs in the library and could handle their shares easily. I was delighted, and told her to come by later to check the place out.

Around three o'clock that afternoon I heard a rapping at my front door. I opened it and immediately beheld the most gorgeous blonde I had ever seen in my life. She was about 5-4, with a deep tan, a big smile and beautiful brown eyes. Her hair was full and golden, and touched lightly around her silky white T-shirt and firm breasts. Her thighs were bronzed and slightly muscled.

"Hi, I'm Jan!" she said. "I called earlier. My friends are out in the car; this is the right place, isn't it?"

Even if it had been the wrong place, I never would've let this gem slip by me: "Tell 'em to come in; you guys can check the place out and see if it's what you want."

She turned to signal to her friends in the car, and I caught my first glimpse of her well-shaped ass—perfectly rounded and tight under her cut-off shorts. I felt

*Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



## FOUR'S COMPANY

by Christopher Edwards

like fucking her right then and there.

Her friends soon joined us on the porch, and I was introduced to both of them. Their names were Kathy and Suze, and they were both wearing jeans and bluish T-shirts with the inscription TIGERETTES. Kathy was a well-built, innocent-looking girl with short brown hair and gigantic boobs. Suze also had big tits, but she was a little more plump all over than her two foxy friends. She was the one to suggest that we unpack the car, so we all proceeded off the porch and down the walk. I trailed in the rear, taking time for a good glimpse of the three twitching asses of my new roommates.

It took less than an hour to get the girls unpacked and situated in our new household. The rest of the day we sat around talking and getting to know each other. I learned that they came from Detroit and that they were all juniors at the university. In addition, the three of them belonged to a local softball team called the Triple Play Tigerettes, which explained Kathy's and Suze's well-filled T-shirts.

We chatted until about eight o'clock, when I finally decided that I should call it a day and go to bed. The strain from my nearly constant hard-on was becoming quite exhausting, and I figured I'd go find some relief in the sheets. So I said good-night to the girls and wandered hornily off to my bedroom.

I had slipped into bed and was busily rubbing my stiff cock against the soft sheets when my bedroom door suddenly crashed open, scaring the shit out of me. It was Jan, Kathy and Suze! They stood in the doorway with nothing on except their TIGERETTE T-shirts. I didn't know what to make of it; I just lay there dumbfounded, gazing at those three half-naked ladies in my bedroom. I noticed that Kathy was holding a coiled rope at her side.

"Don't worry," Jan giggled. "We just want you to know who's boss!" With that the three young beauties lunged forward and pounced on me. I started to struggle, but they soon overpowered me. They guided my naked body over to the foot of the bed and ordered me to lie down with my arms outstretched.

As I did, Jan started tying my left arm to the leg of the bed. Kathy worked on my right arm as Suze held firmly onto my nuts, slowly stroking my swollen shaft with her free hand. After my arms were lashed securely to the bed, Jan and Kathy worked on my legs, tying them back with my knees toward my chest.

"Now you know who's boss!" Jan laughed, peeling her little T-shirt off over her head and throwing it on the floor. "Do you like to eat pussy?"



"Yeah!" I said, eagerly anticipating her perfect little beaver against my face and mouth.

"Then start with this and earn it!" she demanded, spreading her lovely ass cheeks and placing her puckered asshole over my open mouth. I buried my face deep into her soft round globes and licked and sucked till she tilted forward and rubbed her wet, juicy cunt all over my mouth and nose. Then my tongue went wild, darting back and forth inside her slippery pink canal, circling and poking gently at her sensitive clit, and then lapping up every inch of her quivering pussy lips.

Meanwhile, Suze and Kathy were slowly licking the sides of my dick. I could feel their hot tongues running along the shaft from head to sac. Then Kathy slid my whole cock into her mouth while Suze gently spread my buns and slid her pointed tongue into my anus, pushing it up deeper with slow, lip-curling motions.

My tongue was swirling over every inch of Jan's delicious pussy as she started to rock back and forth across my face. I could hear her moaning and feel her cringe, and then she let out a desperate little scream. Her thighs drew tight around my head, and her body shook violently as she ground her crotch into my face and exploded in orgasm.

Jan and Kathy switched places, and Jan started to suck where Kathy had left off. Suze's hot mouth remained around my balls, as did her finger inside my asshole. Kathy smiled and sighed as she lowered her swollen clit to my mouth. Again I went at it, sampling Kathy's honey with a desperate tongue. She was dripping wet, and I tasted every inch of her sweet triangle. My arms and legs were straining against the ropes as Jan's mouth began bobbing up and down along the length of my red-hot shaft, and Suze had worked a second finger into my dirt chute.

Kathy arched her back and went into a lengthy orgasm long before I had expected her to. She just sat there on my face, convulsed in pleasure, working her little box around the sensations of my relentless tonguing. Then she slid off, and I expected Suze to be next. But Jan got next in line again, straddling my face with her blond dessert once more.

As I began eating out Jan's cunt a second time, the action between my legs suddenly ceased. After a few moments, however, I could feel the ropes being loosened. Kathy and Suze untied my legs and then started freeing my hands.

Jan was still sliding her wet mound all over my face, and once my hands were freed, I rolled her over on her back, keeping my face well-planted in her

crotch. She tightened her warm thighs around my head and started to shake.

"Fuck me!" Jan begged. "Please fuck me!" I didn't need to be asked twice. I pulled my head from her dripping slit and crawled up her smooth, tanned body. Our lips met in one frantically hot kiss, our tongues wrestling to get deep inside each other's sticky mouths. She felt so beautiful as I inched my erect prick into her waiting pussy. "Give it to me!" she panted as I slowly slid it home. "Gimme that big dick!" Her hips were pulsating as she rocked her ass rapidly about the floor, meeting every jackhammer thrust of my cock. I was banging the hell out of her, and she was loving every minute of it.

At my rear Kathy and Suze began giggling. I heard a light buzzing, and instantly recognized the sound of the vibrator I kept on the dresser for my few-and-far-between bed partners. I suddenly felt a vibrating sensation against my ass, and before I knew it Suze had spread my cheeks and snuggled the vibrator next to my tightened bunghole. Jan exploded into a tremendous orgasm, and I couldn't hold back any longer. Thrusting my prick deep into Jan's pussy, I shot a boiling wad of jism deep into her body. She squealed with delight and then collapsed. I pulled my cock from her soaked twat, and the buzzing vibrator hit the floor.

Kathy came around in front of me and started to fondle my spent cock and nuts. She lowered herself to my crotch and took me into her soft mouth. Suze grabbed the vibrator off the floor and started working its head back and forth inside my asshole, and I suddenly realized the pleasure a woman receives from being fucked. My cock was hard again in no time at all, and Kathy whispered for me to fuck her.

Her cunt was wet and ready, and I slid myself deep inside her with one quick thrust. I hammered at her steadily as Suze continued to work the vibrator up and down. Kathy bucked her hips and went into a wild orgasmic seizure as I drove in for a final thrust and squirted my love juice deep into her pussy. Together we collapsed in ecstatic sexual satisfaction.

The four of us slept together that night, and continued to do so for the entire semester. But after that I had to drop out of school for a while because of money problems, and my three horny Tigerettes and I parted company. We wrote to each other for a short time, but when I returned to Central Michigan the following year, the girls had gone. But one thing's for sure—I'll never forget them!



*"This Declaration of Independence is a historical document, gentlemen. We should be able to come up with something a bit more sophisticated than telling the British, 'Go take a healthy shit in King George's wig!'"*





"Smile, honey! This one's for Beaver Hunt!"



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Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary \_\_\_\_\_

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

Send prize to: \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## PROFILE: BILL BAIRD

(continued from page 92)

so they could notify parents that their daughters had been there.

Despite extensive latticework over the windows, and the presence of a burly young security man, Baird is jumpy. The general contractor has had to talk to seven plumbers before he could find one who would touch the place, and this morning, at five o'clock, Baird got the inevitable phone call: "This week we're going to burn you again."

Baird is on his feet every time he hears an unfamiliar male voice. Indeed, he has vowed that if anyone tries to disrupt his work again, either by fire, sit-in or the anti-abortionists' relatively new tactic of chaining themselves to examining tables, he is going to "use the violence of self-defense to protect the lives of the patients and staff, and the building."

In unenlightened times the Hauptauge facility might have been called an abortion *mill*. One staff member estimates that Jerry Zupnick, the senior medical practitioner, has in his career "terminated" perhaps as many as 50,000 pregnancies. By all accounts this is boring work. There isn't even the excitement of risk here; a woman has a nine-fold greater chance of dying if she continues her pregnancy to term.

Today the medical staff will hold the world's population increase back by a mere 20—but it adds up. If the doctors occasionally nip a potential Beethoven, perhaps they also get a few Hitlers and Atilas. One suspects, however, that most of the life they snuff would have developed into more gum-chewing Long Island teenagers, like the specimens already so plentiful in the waiting room.

In addition to the girls waiting to have their pregnancies terminated, there are girlfriends, boyfriends, mothers, an occasional father and people who have come in simply for birth-control advice and VD-testing. Baird has the abortion patients in and out in three hours. The procedure itself takes only five minutes. Recovery takes 15. There are tests and a lot of waiting. Besides that, each girl is obliged to spend an hour or so in group counseling, which includes discussion about the operative procedure and possible complications, as well as information on the alternatives to abortion. I attended two such sessions, and rated them both A-plus.

The young people who come as couples settle in as if they were at the movies: hand-in-hand, cozy. The level of human ignorance is staggering to behold. One woman, about 40, who has come to give moral support to her

daughter, confesses: "But I've been using foam for five years, and I *always* douche after intercourse."

Some women, one learns, put vaginal Encare Ovals into their rectums because the Ovals are identified on the package as suppositories. Other women sometimes let their partners take the birth-control pill for them, or take the pill only on days when they're having intercourse. Some couples even fuck standing up because they expect the force of gravity to prevent conception.

The counselor's discussion isn't scripted, but there's just so much of it that can be varied. Day after day it must be boring to deliver, however useful the counselor feels.

And so the day passes in an abortion center. At the Board of Supervisors meeting Baird comes off as a libertarian. At the temple he's a propagandist; at the high school he's an educator. Here in his center it's hard to see him except as a humanitarian. It's just not possible to wish to see high-school girls turned into welfare mothers, or welfare mothers turned into permanent wards of the state. One wishes, though, that everyone would be more careful. Abortion is birth control of last resort. Even Baird appears to be conservative in this respect.

Evening. The 25 or so Right-to-Lifers using the auditorium of Our Lady of Victory Church in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C., are more old than young and are solidly middle-class. One woman has brought her baby, who lends an aura of sanctity to the proceedings. There is also a nun.

The speaker, Dr. William Hogan, a Catholic obstetrician/gynecologist from Maryland, begins by recalling the era when people thought the developing child was simply a shapeless mass, no different in its civil rights from a diseased "tonsil or appendix."

"In the early days we had to educate people to the truth of prenatal development," Dr. Hogan says, "and it's the same today." If abortion makes sense, then mercy killing makes even more sense. "The only way we are going to be successful is to spiritualize the Right-to-Life movement. We must ask where the value of human life comes from.

"It comes from God."

Dr. Hogan has brought his slide tray with him, and images now begin to appear on the Mary-blue wall behind him. First there are Indian corpses being shoveled into a mass grave at Wounded Knee; then Negro slaves; Jews being cremated in German ovens; then Vietnamese victims of American fanaticism

(continued on page 107)



# Honey

IT'S THE NIGHT AFTER THE BIG GAME, AND THE WINNERS HAVE JUST SCORED, LEAVING HONEY AND THE GIRLS TIRED BUT HAPPY!

NOT BAD, HUH, LADIES? THE MORE YOU GET THE MORE YOU WANT! IT'LL BE HARD TO BEAT THAT LAST GROUP!

ZAT DOES NOT VORRY ME!

BUT YOU ARE RIGHT, MADAME HONEY! WHAT COULD BE MORE EXCITING THAN ZEE WHOLE FOOTBALL TEAM - EXCEPT MAYBE ANOZZER?



SUDDENLY HONEY GETS AN IDEA!

LET'S THRON A HALLOWEEN MASQUERADE BALL!

WE CAN REALLY DO SOME GOBBLIN' THEN!



WE'LL INVITE ONLY OUR BEST CUSTOMERS - AND I'M TALKING ABOUT HOW LONG - NOT HOW GREEN!

AH, HA! I VILL BE ZEE DOLL OF ZEE BALL!

AND EVERYONE CAN DRESS UP AS THEIR MOST SECRET SEXUAL FANTASY!



THE ANTICIPATION OF FANTASIES FULFILLED DOMINATES THE PARTY FROM THE START!

OHH, WHEE! I'D LOVE TO DO THE JUNGLE-BUNNY HOP WIT' DIS COLORED MAN!

HERE ARE MY SEVEN -ER- COUSINS!

OH, HO HO!

I SEE A FEW MATES I WOULDN'T MIND TAKING PRISONER!

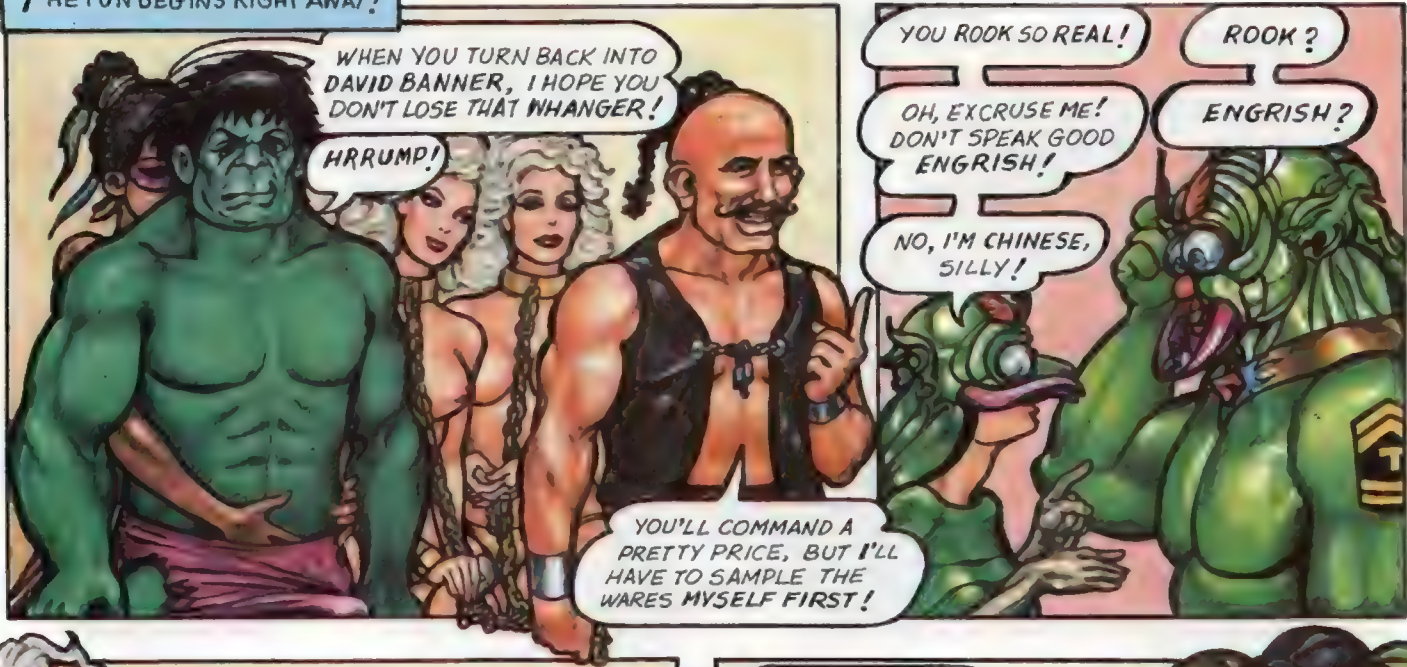
WE MAY BE DEAD...

... BUT TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE YOU COME ALIVE!





THE FUN BEGINS RIGHT AWAY!

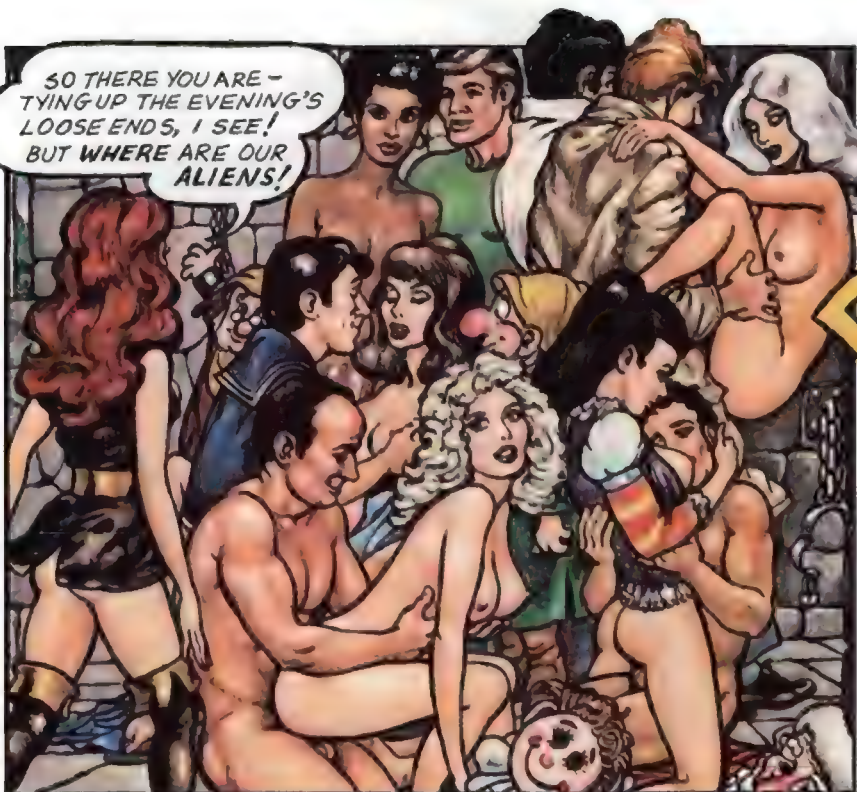








SO THERE YOU ARE -  
TYING UP THE EVENING'S  
LOOSE ENDS, I SEE!  
BUT WHERE ARE OUR  
ALIENS!



**BAROOMM!**



WHAT  
WAS THAT?!

IT BETTER NOT  
BE WHAT I THINK  
IT IS! LET'S GO!

THE WORST IS TRUE!  
POON WAS WITH A  
REAL ALIEN!

POOR POON TANG'S BEEN  
ABDUCTED!

INTERGALACTIC  
SWINE!

WHAT NEXT?



**V-V-V-OOOM!**

TO BE CONTINUED...



## PROFILE: BILL BAIRD

(continued from page 102)

at My Lai. These images are all calculated to reawaken the indignation of liberals, and the point is made that fetuses aren't any different. At some point in history "each of these groups has had its humanity obscured," and on that basis each—including fetuses—has been sentenced to death.

The next series of images is drawn principally from the famous *Life* magazine pictorial on life before birth. In a photograph of a fetus of 16 weeks' gestation Dr. Hogan asks us to observe "how finely chiseled the features are, the cute nose, the ball of the foot." In another picture we are asked to see "bones being laid down." In another, much younger fetus there are tiny fingers and toes.

And then there are pictures of aborted fetuses: "You can see the scalding effect the salt has on the skin," Dr. Hogan says of a saline abortion. Our attention is called to tiny limbs, broken apart, that have been extracted by a vacuum aspirator.

Next there is a series of pictures of happy children with birth defects: a girl washing her doll; a boy with only one leg, smiling his way down parallel bars. There is a picture of a professional football player, Tom Dempsey, who—though born with only one hand and one-and-a-half feet—kicked the longest field goal in National Football League history. The argument for aborting deformities is meant to take wing and fly away.

Finally, there is a picture of a starving Biafran child on the wall. Should this child have been aborted? Hogan says no. "We confront Christ himself when we confront this child. We are in need of this child more than this child is in need of us, for it is through the sufferings of our fellow human beings that we work out our purpose here; it is through these victims of suffering that we work out our redemption."

The anti-abortion position, as it is articulated by its best spokespeople, has a certain austere dignity, and it is easy to forget that these same people also oppose premarital and extramarital sex, birth control and even effective sex education. On capital punishment they are, for the most part, hardliners. "Why all the fuss about the four Iranians who were executed?" somebody asks. The execution of adults who have been adjudged guilty by courts doesn't particularly faze them, but the murder of unborn innocents sends them up the wall. Such is the logic.

There's also some reason to think that the Right-to-Life movement is really only a Right-to-Cuteness movement in disguise. The raptures these people go into at the sight of fetal fingers and toes is positively kitchy-coo.

Baird's allies, the ladies at the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL) Convention, are less stern than the Georgetown Right-to-Lifers, but not necessarily more loveable. Lapel buttons for sale at one exhibitor's table proclaim "I am a castrating bitch" and "How dare you presume I'd rather be thin?"

Actually, Baird has been skirmishing with some elements of the women's movement for years. By and large they seem to have about as much use for him as for Norman Mailer, David Susskind and King Kong. Many of them think that abortion is exclusively a women's issue and that Baird ought to keep his male ego and male ass out of it.

Betty Friedan once called him a CIA agent.

Baird is no organization man, but an activist, and it is plainly no easy task for him to sit still at the session—despite NARAL Executive Committee member Reverend Bea Blair's interesting review of Right-to-Life progress against

Freedom of Choice. First she cites the Akron, Ohio, ordinance requiring spousal and parental notification of planned abortions, and "informed consent," meaning that any woman considering an abortion must be shown the *Life* magazine pictures of fetal development; then she refers to the "abominable Hyde Amendment," which cut off Medicaid funds for abortions. Moreover, 15 states have taken the drastic step of calling for a constitutional convention to push through a Right-to-Life Amendment.

When Blair, an Episcopalian priest at New York's Church of the Heavenly Rest, moves to the subject of Right-to-Life violence, Baird perks up. His own abortion center is mentioned. The young man who forced his way in there threw gasoline on the patients and lighted a torch. "Right-to-Life indeed," says the Reverend Blair.

By the time Jeannie Rosoff, the president of the Alan Guttmacher Institute (a research organization specializing in planned parenthood and abortion), rises to speak, Baird has disappeared into the corridors to politicize the members. Next to the registration desk he has set up an exhibition area of his own.

Rosoff's speech is one-quarter caution and three-quarters optimism. She speaks

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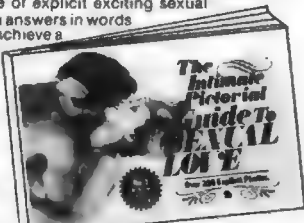
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of "the right to have an abortion without undue hassle."

"Women, from the beginning of time," she says, "have always feared unwanted pregnancies"—but now they know where to get abortions. They no longer have to waste precious weeks making phone calls. Abortions take place earlier now, with less risk. The death rate is down a full 50%. But "legality is not availability."

She continues: "Nowhere is the plight greater than among women on welfare"—on welfare the price of an abortion is equivalent to three months' food or nine months' clothing. Nevertheless, Mrs. Rosoff says, "I think the pattern is of progress and change."

It is just as well that Baird hasn't heard this speech. It would have made him even angrier, because at a time when the Right-to-Lifers have yet to strike their most powerful blows, the sisters barely know that they're under siege. "Notice," Baird says to me, "how few black women there are at this convention. Some of these organizations have been taken over by prim-and-proper people who are not as aggressive as they could or should be."

For example, the posters: They're all over the place. They've got a Statue of Liberty head in one corner and a big slogan, "Choice: An American Right."

"Where's the word *abortion*?" Baird asks. "Why doesn't it say, 'Abortion Choice: An American Right?' We should be proud of the word. We shouldn't be afraid to use it."

Later, when he's talking to the women of the convention: "It's time to take off your gloves." When Baird is done speaking, women in the audience rise and bear witness.

A woman from St. Louis quotes a dazzling remark from Cardinal Kroll, who opposes abortion even in the case of rape. "Kroll says it would violate the rights of the rapist," she says.

Another woman has a topper. "Father Manton of Boston is against abortion even when a woman's life is in danger. He says, better two deaths than one murder."

A woman from Tennessee says, "The other day a 15-year-old told me, 'I don't understand all this talk about the rights of the unborn, because as soon as you're born they take those rights away from you and don't give them back until you're 18.'"

The farther shores of libertarianism are now in sight, and Baird is ahead of the pack: "Minors are poor people," he says. "Even if they live in a nice home, they're still the most disenfranchised group there is... they don't have the

right to vote and they have no economic base."

The minors of Massachusetts are somewhat less disenfranchised today than they were several months ago. In July, Baird won an 8-1 Supreme Court victory over Massachusetts Attorney General Francis X. Bellotti; the Court ruled as unconstitutional the state law that required minors to secure written parental or superior-court permission before obtaining an abortion.

"Bill," I ask one day, "to what extent are you really married to this abortion issue? I mean, is this you? Did it have to be abortion, or could it have been something else?"

He says, "It could have been something else." Fundamentally, he's an activist. He's an abortion activist only second. There are many libertarian issues in which he could have gotten interested. Then he mentions the Gray Panthers—he could really get into that one, even now. He's only in his mid-40s, but already he can see old age hobbling on the horizon.

"We all want to get there," he says. There was a time when he used to go into old-age homes, and he saw how drugged up the old people were. The drugs were used to keep them in bed, because if they stayed in bed, they wouldn't fall down and break their hips and they wouldn't use energy and need more food.

Baird's tired now himself. He's been fighting this abortion thing for 16 years. He's \$50,000 in debt to lawyers—and people rarely even say thank-you to him. But Baird still believes: "If we are ever going to be free, we have to have the right to control our own bodies." ☹

Persons wishing to contact Bill Baird's Center for abortion information should write to any of the following Center locations:

**THE BILL BAIRD CENTER**  
107 Main Street  
Hempstead, Long Island, New York  
11550

**THE BILL BAIRD CENTER**  
1324 Motor Parkway  
Hauppauge, Long Island, New York  
11787

**THE BILL BAIRD CENTER**  
673 Boylston Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

[For a look at both sides of the abortion issue see the dual article *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* in the November 1978 **HUSTLER**.]



## ATTACK DOGS

(continued from page 76)

believes in capital punishment and has had his car and apartment burglarized repeatedly, much to his anger. But...

"Say I get an attack dog," Caras says, "and leave him in my apartment. Say some 14-year-old kid breaks in. His intention is to slash the furniture, shake up a bottle of Coke and spray it on the paintings, steal some jewelry and spill ink on my clothes. I hate the little prick. If I got my hands on him, I'd shake him till his bones fell out of his body. But do I have the right to sentence him to capital punishment? If I leave an attack-trained Doberman in the apartment, I am the judge and jury and I have sentenced the kid to death. Who has the right to do that? You know, if I tie a shotgun to a chair and tie a string from the trigger to the doorknob and a burglar opens the door and the gun blows the burglar's head off, that's homicide. The punishment for burglary is not death."

Caras worries that the growing number of guard dogs and the higher incidence of dog bites reported each year could spell the end of the role of the dog as man's best friend.

In addition, Caras is one of the many who say there is no real protection against a skilled burglar. Dogs patrolling fenced car lots in New York City are defused by thieves who drop 25-pound cinder blocks on them, often killing the animals. He says tear-gas pens, Mace or poisoned hamburger meat can "totally wipe out an attack dog."

Yet it's obvious that some potential intruders will be put off by the presence of a dog. A yapping Chihuahua can alert residents or neighbors to the presence of a potential burglar. Some dog-trainers make it clear that thieves are more afraid of discovery than of an attack dog itself. Rudy Drexler says that the bark, not the bite, frequently frightens the prowler away in search of safer prey.

Of course, a roving Doberman with big teeth and a nasty snarl would probably deter a kid trying to steal a bicycle off your front porch. Then again, the same dog might deter a mailman from delivering your letters. (Letter-carriers are not required to deliver to houses where they might be menaced by dogs. In Los Angeles, where 143 mailmen were bitten last year, a spokesman said owners of dangerous dogs are told to keep the animals under restraint while the letter-carrier is present—or give up any hope of having mail delivered.)

There's an obvious major, difficult

question here: Is there any need for attack dogs or guard dogs? The answer isn't simple; in fact, the answer seems to be yes and no.

Guy Hodge of the Humane Society says he suspects that many people who feel they need large dogs buy them to enhance their own images "as guys who can handle the animal, who are more aggressive and dominating than the dog, who have mastery over a big animal."

But some protection-dog owners will tell you that their animals provide 24-hour safety for their homes and businesses and that the dogs react far more quickly than a human being, providing the "ultimate in security."

One might wonder whether crimes such as the vicious Sharon Tate murders might have been prevented had attack dogs been on duty to frighten off the bloodthirsty intruders.

A Los Angeles lawyer who keeps a gentle but large German shepherd in his apartment says he is the only tenant in his building who hasn't been held up by a gunman.


Drexler points out that dogs are "a very cheap investment" for businesses that might otherwise hire armed guards—who are frequently retired men or untrained youths. Even humans can be as dangerous as a dog, however. Fear-

ing for their own lives in times of danger, they are quite likely to react to a trespasser by shooting first and asking questions later.

He warns, however, that getting a well-trained dog from a reputable kennel is of paramount importance. He also cautions that some trainers charge "big prices for junk dogs."

Drexler has one simple solution for people who want the protection of an image dog but don't have the space or the inclination to have a real canine around the house: A cassette of Drexler's own Doberman barking for 15 minutes can be turned on at a moment's notice upon hearing unusual noises. He says the cassette, plus a sign on the property reading "Protected by Guard Dog" can have an amazingly frightening effect on potential intruders.

It could all boil down to what Phyllis Wright has to say about keeping a loaded .45 on the coffee table. If you're willing to take that risk, and if it makes you feel better, then it's appropriate.

But if you're not sure—about the loaded pistol or about a dog that's been trained to attack—it makes sense to give it a lot of thought before you head for the gun shop or before you decide to plunk down a couple of thousand bucks for a trained Doberman pinscher. 



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(continued from page 50)

dozens more are closing in on that mark.

Teamsters Vice-President Jackie Presser is quick to defend high salaries for union leaders: "We will go along with the philosophy of private business, which is, basically: If you have a demanding executive job with major responsibilities, you should be appropriately rewarded for performance." It's true that business executives do command six-figure, even seven-figure salaries. But how well do they understand the problems of a blue-collar worker who earns \$17,000 and has a wife and two kids? Douglas Fraser, UAW president (with a salary of about \$65,000 including his expense allowance), pointedly remarks, "I think labor leaders who accept salaries of about \$150,000 a year and engage in lavish living contribute to an image that is not good for the labor movement."

As difficult as the high salaries are to justify to the workers whose dues pay the bills, some union leaders go an aggravating step further. They rake in gravy on top of their salaries. Corruption riddles many unions.

In Los Angeles, for example, Manuel Renteria, former business manager of the AFL-CIO Laborers Union Local 300, was recently arrested on federal charges of conspiracy, mail fraud and soliciting a \$10,000 kickback. In New York the U.S. Justice Department is seeking to indict local Teamsters officials for taking at least \$300,000 in illegal cash and merchandise gifts from several Japanese electronics companies.

Also in New York, Philip Doran and Joseph Dantera, trustees of Teamsters Local 814, were recently convicted of bribe-taking and attempted grand larceny for offering to not interfere with the activities of a nonunion moving firm if the company paid them \$8,000. And in New Jersey four Teamsters leaders—including reputed Mafia power Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano—were recently convicted of shaking down Seatrain Lines, Inc., in return for "labor peace." It's a small matter to former Teamsters International vice-president Tony Pro, who's already doing 26 years to life for the murder of his predecessor as president of New Jersey's largest Teamsters' local.

Does it matter if union leaders skim a bit off the top? If nothing else were at stake, maybe nobody would care. But skimming, in almost every case, leads to sweetheart contracts—deals that benefit union leaders and the companies, and hurt the workers.

"A few thousand bucks that flow directly into the pocket of a union leader go a long way toward softening demands at contract-renewal time," says one long-time labor-watcher. "What does the company care? It pays out a bribe of maybe \$10,000, but in wages to its employees it might save \$100,000. That's a hell of an investment."

Bribery cases are penny-ante compared to what's going on with the Teamsters Union Central States pension fund, a multibillion-dollar pile of cash set aside (in theory) for union members' retirement benefits. In practice, however, many investigators say there has been "a pattern of imprudent behavior" by its ruling trustees, Frank Fitzsimmons included.

In 1976, for instance, the fund made a \$5-million loan, taking as collateral gambling markers from the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, a casino long rumored to be under the direct control of Mafia dons. Worse still, most states—Nevada excluded—do not recognize gambling markers as enforceable contracts. Another curious loan is one of \$3.1 million made to Alvin Malnik, an associate of organized-crime czar Meyer Lansky.

All told, estimates U.S. Senator Charles Percy (Republican-Illinois), losses on bad Central States pension-fund loans may total as much as \$500 million, one-third of the fund's total assets. "Who cares if they're lending to the Mob? But I do care if my pension goes down the john," grumbles one Teamster.

The trouble is, his pension may be in jeopardy, and the massive fund could become as insolvent as the nation's wobbly Social Security system. Right now the Labor Department refuses to speculate on the safety of members' pensions. "Sure we're worried," admits one official. "You have to be concerned."

Corruption and fat paychecks are not all that separate the union leaders from their members. Age also plays a part. Half of this nation's labor force is under 35. Yet the AFL-CIO's Executive Council is ruled by 84-year-old George Meany and seven others over 65.

Meany defends this situation by arguing, "The more a person has of the world's goods—you know what I mean, for himself and his family—the more conservative he becomes, in the sense that if he is moving along and sees chances of moving further along, he doesn't want to upset the machinery."

"That tells you what's wrong with Meany and his bunch," says a dissident union member. "They think that what's good for business is good for the worker

(continued on page 116)



We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

## LEASURE'S SEIZURE

*Leasure Time Products* (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216) seems to have come down with a bad case of Shiftyitis. We've received a dozen complaints that it has been advertising hard-core films but delivering stuff that wouldn't even get a toad horny.

The following letter from an LTP customer is an example:

*I ordered Sensations in 8mm from Leasure Time. The film was advertised as the greatest X-rated movie ever made. But I received a cut version about 20 minutes long that would not even be R-rated, and it cost me \$35. A few months later I ordered Portrait of Seduction for \$50 and got a 20-minute piece of crap that would have a hard time getting a PG rating. I think I've been screwed.*

—L. G. W.

Jackson, Mississippi

Our readers have also been writing us to accuse *Leasure Time* of other scams and rip-offs. Read on:

*Leasure Time took me for over \$100 for an air mattress that arrived here with defects that showed up during the first week, under normal use. Since the mattress was supposedly under warranty, I sent it back. After weeks of silence I tried to contact Leasure Time four times. Finally I received a card saying the company was trying to straighten out the problem with the mattress manufacturer. Since then I've heard nothing, and I'm pissed off.*

—D. H.

Nashville, Tennessee

*In February I ordered a film from Leasure Time. I'm still waiting. All I get is little cards from time to time, feeding me shit like "As you know, we have encountered several problems with the production of our 8mm movies. Therefore, your order will not be shipped at this time." What did you once say in Mail-Order Feedback about com-*

*panies using their customers to bankroll their operations?*

—R. S. S.

Capistrano Beach, California

After these and some 40 other complaints about *Leasure Time Products* flooded our office, we contacted LTP's Bill Abrams and demanded an explanation. He told us that his outfit had been having problems since going independent from Larry Flynt Publications, but that he'd squared things away and taken care of every customer.

Nevertheless, when we spot-checked several irate customers over the phone, they were still irately waiting for their merchandise.

## ENEMA-BAG FOLLIES

After this column panned two of its fetish films in April, *Regal Aid Society* (17620 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, California 91406) complained that *HUSTLER's* perverts were out of their league when we said that neither of *Society's* flicks "is worth the price of a bottle of Milk of Magnesia." Spokesman Larry Ross of *Roxbury Press* told us not to judge the films by normal hard-core standards because *Roxbury* deals in fetish films.

Ross then sent us a new line of flicks, and though we've got to admit that they're an improvement over "Pigtail Lovers" and "Pigtail Enema," they're not exactly the type of films that send us panting into the men's-room stalls. Even Senior Editor Michael Stott, an honorary proctologist and bunghole scholar who was kicked out of the British Army for fucking the butt of his rifle, said he'd rather watch Mr. Whipple squeeze the Charmin.

The best of the lot is a hospital-enema flick in which three dyke nurses strap a young lady down on a rubber sheet and shoot her the works.

From then on it's downhill. In a second film the parents of a teenage girl punish her for pissing in her pants. They administer an enema, give her a badly acted spanking, put her in diapers, jam a pacifier in her mouth and lift her into a playpen. The real sadists among you will enjoy the punishment inflicted upon this film by the photo lab.

There's also a poorly acted sado-masochism film starring none other than snot-nosed Todd David Schwartz, former *Mail-Order Feedback* Editor. But pain freaks will probably get better jolts watching Mexican vampire movies on television.

Still, we don't want to deprive the folks who want this stuff. If they're willing to shell out \$35 for these stagey sleepers, who are we to tell them not to?

## DISCO FART

There's an old Chinese proverb that says, "Each man loves the aroma of his own fart and hates the stench of everyone else's." This is borne out daily at the *HUSTLER* offices when we see Managing Editor Jim Heinisch fart into his enema bag, then put the nozzle into his nostril, squeeze the bag and snort his gas. Executive Editor Lee Quarnstrom is commonly found sitting in the middle of a green cloud of his own making. No wonder the subject of farting is near and dear to our hearts.

*Uranus Records* (P.O. Box 2180, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017) now offers a disc called "The Longest Fart in the World," a four-minute-plus flatus that roars and squeaks and flutters, leaving no doubt that at its finish the farter's stomach must be collapsed against his backbone. What better to slip on the stereo about entertaining your friends with Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*?

If you want to really crack up your friends, flip the disc over and play "The Biggest Bowel Movement Bar None," which has to be the funniest shit we've ever heard. If you don't laugh at this one, you're a tight-sphinctered asshole.

*Uranus* sells the record for \$2.50 plus 50¢ for shipping and handling. (New Yorkers must also pay 8% sales tax.)

## STIFF DICKS

*Too many of the companies you advertise only sell simulated films. I want the real thing. Who is selling it? Can I get animal films?*

—J. V.

Wethersfield, Connecticut

Nobody we know is handling bestiality films because that stuff can get a dealer busted faster than murder. But if you're looking for some real cocksucking and honest fucking and bunghole penetration, try *Film Collectors Association* (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306), *Krow Enterprises* (P.O. Box 11114, Chicago, Illinois 60611), *Kinematics, Inc.* (708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036) or *SSC Products* (P.O. Box 09266, Cleveland, Ohio 44109). Bestiality novels are available from the Pet Book Division of *Greenleaf Classics* (P.O. Box 20194, San Diego, California 92120). ☹



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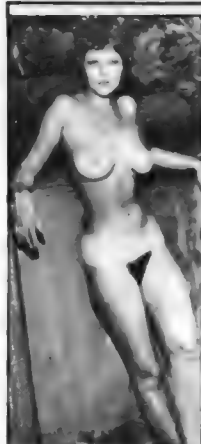
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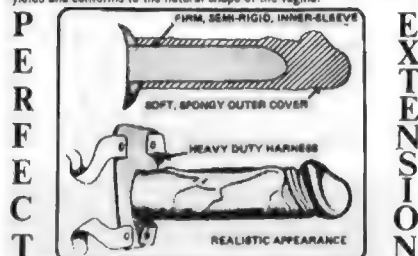
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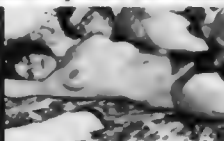
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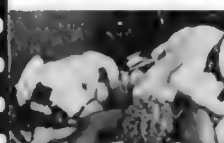
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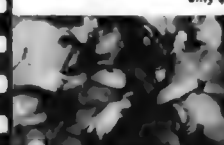
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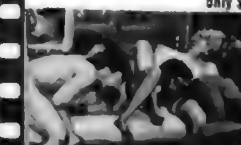
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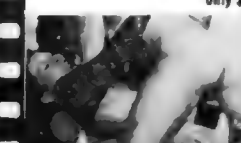
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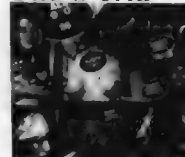
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## LABOR UNIONS

(continued from page 110)

too. Hell, that's crazy. It's why Meany wouldn't shake from supporting the war in Vietnam even though it was the sons of his union members, and not the kids of business leaders, who were getting killed over there.

"The businessmen sent their kids to college; workers sent their kids to Nam to die. But a war means business booms, and that means jobs, and that's all they care about. It's bullshit that workers are more conservative. Look at the wildcat strikes in coal, auto plants, trucking. It's the leadership, not the members, that's gotten soft."

Indications abound that union membership is drawing a harder line than their leaders. In some cases, however, where leadership calls a strike, "often membership thinks that the strike is unnecessary," one Labor Department official comments. Members of New Jersey Teamsters Local 843 are suing the union for wages lost in a two-day walkout at a bottling plant, a strike held "for reasons we still don't understand," one member complains. "All we know is that these neckless goons from the union came down to the plant and told us we're on strike. Nobody told us why. We did it, but nobody did it happily."

Adding to the woes of union leadership, and further cutting into membership, is technology. Scientific advances are eliminating millions of semiskilled and unskilled jobs

each year. Machines are replacing thousands of factory workers, and the trend isn't expected to reverse itself.

At the same time, more students are graduating from high school than ever before. Many of them are heading to community colleges, specialty schools and universities for more education and training. Says one Labor Department spokesman, "These days fewer workers actually wear a blue collar—and those who do are unions' strength. Most newly created jobs see employees coming to work in a coat and tie. Put a suit on a man and you can bet he won't want to be a union member. That's organized labor's biggest problem." And that's why the unions are targeting white-collar workers for intensive recruiting—with mixed results.

Ironically, double-digit inflation may be a blessing for unions. "When times are good," explains one organizer, "employers are quick to offer big wage hikes, even without pressure from a union. When the economy tightens up, so do employers' offers. Companies are actually looking to take away benefits to cut operating costs. It's when things are tough that a union can come through—really come through—for its members."

Bob Georgine, president of the AFL-CIO's Building and Construction Trades Union, says many union members have "never been in a position where they've had to fight for wages or benefits. Many don't even come to meetings. Unless they're persecuted they don't even know what the union does."

Major-league baseball's umpires just might agree with Georgine's contention that persecution breeds fierce union loyalty. Tired of seeing third-string big-leaguers making twice the salaries they did, the umpires formed a union. But they had to strike through nearly one-third of the 1979 season to finally win big boosts in pay and travel expenses as well as paid vacations. They also won the respect—and fear—of team-owners.

Strikes terrify business, and because organized labor is at a very low ebb in the public's sympathy, business is doing everything it can to take advantage of the present situation. In December of last year the National Association of Manufacturers, an association of corporate heavyweights, unveiled its Council on Union-free Environment. The council is dedicated to weakening unions.

The United Auto Workers' Douglas Fraser comments: "I believe leaders of the business community, with few exceptions, have chosen to wage a one-sided class war today in this country." That's harsh language; talk of class war hasn't been heard in labor circles since Harry Bridges and his longshoremen fought bloody battles with West Coast shipping magnates in the 1930s and '40s.

Big Business is not stupid. It is well aware of the corruption plaguing many unions, of member resentment over leaders' high salaries, of member distrust of their unions'

abilities to represent them. And Big Business is primed to capitalize on labor's woes.

That's where business's "Southern strategy" comes into play.

Horace Greeley urged the nation's young men to go west. If business put its current thinking into a motto, it would be: "Go south, businessmen." The numbers prove it. Since 1966 New England, the mid-Atlantic and the Great Lakes regions have lost more than 1.4 million jobs. During the same period the South picked up more than 1 million new jobs as entire companies moved southward.

Move south and energy costs are lower, urban blight is left behind and wages are markedly lower—10% and more below the national average in 1976. Unions are weak in the South. Employee benefits are minimal. Pensions are almost nonexistent. Workers in the textiles industry, the South's largest employer (and the nation's largest unorganized industry), might get a monthly pension after 30 years on the job.

Employer-paid health care, a benefit Northern workers take for granted, is only now beginning to penetrate the South. And Southern workers, millions of them, hate unions, even though union organizers promise dramatic improvements in working conditions. "You know why they call it the Soviet Union," Southerners quip, equating America's trade unionism with Russia's dictatorial system.

One Southern company—J.P. Stevens Company, Inc., with 63 of its 85 mills in North and South Carolina—has long waged a bitter battle against union organizers. Last year Stevens sold \$1.6 billion worth of sheets, pillowcases and the like. It employs 44,000 workers, most of them in Southern mills, and not one of these workers belongs to a union. That's the way the company wants it.

Over the past decade or so dozens of employees have dragged Stevens before the National Labor Relations Board to resolve grievances, and the NLRB has slapped the company with penalties in excess of \$1.5 million.

Boyd Leedom, an NLRB trial examiner, says of the company's operations, "J.P. Stevens is so out of tune with a humane, civilized approach to industrial relations that it would shock even those least sensitive to honor, justice and decent treatment." As bad as Stevens looks to Leedom, many observers insist that the company is not unique in its approach to labor.

Southern companies, Stevens included, would seem ripe for unionization. But those companies, and their employees, know that unions have major flaws. Union organizers are met with an avalanche of pamphlets and posters detailing fraud and corruption in the Teamsters, high salaries for union officials and old tales of Communist influence on labor's leadership.

The word is out that unions are far removed from the concerns of workers. The

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result, in more instances than union organizers care to remember, is that workers turn thumbs-down on unionizing. As surprising as these defeats might seem to outsiders, they are very real. One Southerner offers this explanation: "It's that they're as afraid of unions as they are of the companies. Why have two bosses (the company and the union) when all you need is one? That's the predominant attitude."

Labor leaders hate to admit it, but that attitude is spreading far beyond the Deep South. It's the moving force behind the newest and strongest anti-union drive in the post-World War II era—Right-to-Work. Right-to-Work means that workplaces must be kept "open," that workers cannot be compelled to join a union. In states that allow "union shops" many manufacturing jobs require a new employee to join a union. The refinery worker, in most cases, finds himself in OCAW whether he likes it or not.

That's one reason Right-to-Work sounds good. Nobody should be compelled to join a union—just as nobody should be forced to take a job he doesn't want. The National Right-to-Work Committee has cataloged by the dozens horror stories of workers who lost their jobs not because of disagreements with their employers but as a result of squabbles with their own unions.

Those abuses are just what Right-to-Work sets out to prevent. At last look 20 states, most of them in the Sun Belt, boasted Right-to-Work laws. The committee's goal is simple: to put a Right-to-Work law in every state. A well-oiled advertising campaign backs up the push. Still, a major stumbling block stands in the way of the committee's success—lingering suspicions about the organization's financial backing.

The National Right-to-Work Committee is largely financed by the nation's business community. Worker contributions to the war chest make up the remainder. Reacting to this funding situation, one UAW official asks, "Is business backing Right-to-Work to benefit its employees or itself?"

The behavior of business in states where Right-to-Work is already on the books underscores why suspicions arise. As soon as the law passes, many companies mount massive anti-union drives. Workers are deluged with anti-union literature. Job openings are filled, wherever possible, with nonunion workers.

Eventually, union members start wondering why they are shelling out \$20 or more in monthly dues when nonunion workers in their shop are getting the same wages and benefits *without* paying dues. Members begin to drop out of the union. When the union no longer commands half of a shop's employees, it's tossed out in a decertification election.

Right-to-Work aims to protect the rights of the individual worker. Something, however, occasionally becomes lost in the translation from theory to practice. The laws meant to protect have been abused by some busi-

nesses that have taken the original concept and used it to suit their own needs.

Some have used the laws as a means of combating unions, of sapping their strength. Others have taken advantage of the laws and hired thousands of illegal aliens at below-minimum wages, creating unemployment problems for the American worker.

The rights of the individual worker are important. No worker should be compelled to join a union, just as no worker should be denied the right to join one if he chooses to do so. Unfortunately, the legislation meant to protect these fundamental rights has, as one lawmaker points out, become the basis for a fight that "increasingly resembles just another Big Business/Big Labor fracas," and the worker ends up in limbo.

"Like unions or not," says one Labor Department official, "it's undeniable that they serve as a countervailing force in our society. Without unions nothing would equal the power of business." Maybe so. But it's equally undeniable that many union leaders are unaware of and unconcerned about their members' needs.


A few unions even appear to be mere extensions of organized crime; and members of those unions are fearful, rightly so, of mounting desperately needed internal-reform movements. Teamsters dissidents, for instance, rarely reveal their names; much of the backing for the strongest Teamsters reform group, the Professional Drivers

Council (PROD), comes from outside the union's rank-and-file.

Tote up the balance sheet on labor's performance and you'll find questions that cannot be ignored. The key question is: Are unions still of value to their members?

Few dispute that a good union can be an asset to its members—just as nobody denies that unions were once successful in winning basic rights for America's workers. But that was in the years when unions checked the often-ruthless drive of businessmen who were out to maximize profits without regard for human costs. Are unions still successful in meeting business head-on? Or do they now resemble the very monster they set out to tame?

These points can be debated at great length, but one fact remains certain: The problems labor unions face today are largely of their own making. These are problems arising from self-indulgence and the failure to put members' needs above the needs of leadership. The future of labor unions, one might argue, lies in their own hands.

If unions are going to survive, they must first regain the support of their members; and to maintain that support the needs of members must once again become the unions' primary business. If the current trend toward corruption continues unabated, the rank-and-file may not support their unions for long. If that is why unions disappear, nobody will miss them. 

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(continued from page 82)

"Julie wants you. Come to our house as soon as you can. The address is—"

I listened to the address and said I would be there soon and hung up. Then I turned and ran out the door and down the street. I ran in the rain, ran as Eleanor had run. In a few minutes I had made it to the bridge. There I stopped.

Fighting for breath, I looked out at the river. I could see lights. *That must be the police*, I thought. I noticed the newspaper, smashed in my fist, and threw it into the river. Then I realized I wasn't wearing a shirt—or shoes. I had left my sneakers at Eleanor's house.

At the far side of the bridge I saw Eleanor's car, and past it the first street of mansions. Julie lived on that street. I started to cry and ran on.

I saw all the cars parked in front of Julie's house, and I ran across the wet, green lawn and up to the front door.

A little man answered my knock. He stared at me. I knew how ridiculous I must have looked, a strange, balding boy, wet and nearly naked.

"Julie wants to see me," I explained in gasps.

"Oh, you're Eleanor's friend. I'm Julie's father." He grinned and opened the door wide.

The air inside was thick with cigarette

smoke. The man took my arm and led me toward a stairway. I stared at the people around me—well-dressed people with drinks in their hands—and they stared at me.

"We had a party planned for tonight," the man explained. He didn't seem apologetic; he only stated a fact.

On the bottom step of the stairway a policeman sat next to a young woman in a low-cut gown. The policeman had a drink in his hand. Was he off-duty? Was he the policeman who had come to take the report about Eleanor's being missing? Had he taken the report, called headquarters and then stayed for a drink? Now he was sitting close to the young woman, his arm around her.

They looked up as we approached. The policeman giggled, a high-pitched, wheezy sound. I didn't know until then that a policeman could giggle.

"This is Eleanor's friend," Julie's father told them.

"Young, isn't he?" the woman said. She reached out and touched my bare, wet chest. She laughed. Her hair was black and cut so that it curved with her face. It looked like a soft, dark cloud.

"This is Julie's older sister," the father explained. "Sue. She's an artist."

"Hi," she purred. "I'd like to draw you sometime." She leaned over to pick up a drink. I saw her nipples. The policeman saw them too.

"Julie is up in her room," her father said. "First door you come to. Naturally, she doesn't feel much like attending the party."

Sue and the policeman broke apart to let me walk up the stairs. As I moved between them, I felt Sue's fingers slither up the inside of my leg. Water dripped off me onto the stairway.

"He's gorgeous," she said to someone, "so young and innocent."

At the top of the stairs I knocked on the door. "Julie," I called quietly.

"Come in."

I opened the door.

The room was bright pink, girlishly pink, like the bedroom of an eight-year-old. The curtains, shut tight, were pink and frilly. The bed was covered with a fancy pink spread. The lights in the room gave off pinkness, making my head swim, making me sick.

Julie stood with her back to the door, stood in front of a full-length mirror. She wore a little pink bikini that clashed with her tanned skin. She was studying her body. She saw my reflection in the mirror.

"Close the door behind you."

I did.

"This is what I was wearing the first time I saw Eleanor. I was at the lake and she came running by. I smiled and she stopped and we talked. I said, 'Don't you think I have a nice body?' She blushed and said my body was very nice. That was more than a year ago."

Her voice was sing-song. She sounded like a child telling a story to amuse adults—

adults who knew they must let themselves be amused.

"Eleanor didn't like her body, but I thought it was nice. I thought her freckles made her look innocent. I told her that, but then I told her I could tell she wasn't really innocent at all."

She smiled into the mirror.

I didn't understand what she was talking about, but I knew I wanted to get out of that pink room as soon as possible. "Why do you want me?" I asked.

She spoke to my reflection.

"Eleanor said you wanted to be a writer."

"That's right."

"I want you to write a eulogy for her—just in case she's dead." Her voice was cold. Her hands cupped her breasts.

I was dripping water on her pink shag carpet. I was cold, but I was feverish too. "But—"

Julie pursed her full, red lips, not at my reflection but at her own. She lifted her arms and put her hand on her blond burr—the burr that looked so strange on a tanned girl's body. "If you don't write the eulogy," she said, "no one will."

I closed my eyes and began to shake.

"It doesn't have to be much. Just something for you to read over the grave."

"For me to read?"

"Of course." She sounded like a child who was tired of dealing with a stupid adult. "You caused it all."

Tears burned my eyes. "All right," I said, "if she's dead."

"Eleanor always said she wanted to be my slave. Sometimes I would make her lie on the floor and not move a muscle for hours, just to test her. She said she would be willing to die if she ever hurt me."

"I don't understand."

Julie reached back and loosened the top of her bikini and let it fall away. She studied her breasts in the mirror. "You caused it all, just the same as if you had killed her yourself." She put her hands under the bottom of the bikini and pushed it down her legs, stepped out of it. Naked, she raised her arms, touching her burr with her fingertips. "I'm not to blame at all."

"Julie," I sobbed. "I'm wet and I think I'm sick."

She whirled around. "I'm almost through with you." She walked toward me with her hands on her head. She looked like a mad contestant in some strange beauty pageant. Where her pink bikini had been, strips of white flesh scarred her tan. Her breasts were small but well-formed, and her pink nipples pointed at me. She seemed so small, so cold.

Julie stopped in front of me, reached up and touched my wet, heaving chest. I trembled as she ran her hand down the front of my body until she gripped my jeans. She jerked them open. I heard the zipper break. She put her other hand behind my neck and pulled my face down to hers and kissed me. Her mouth was cold, hard, dry. She opened it and rubbed her teeth against my lips.

Holding my ruined jeans in her fist, she

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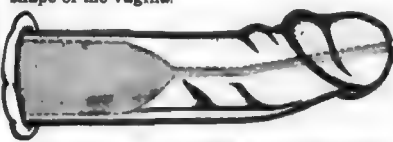
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pulled me toward the bed. I didn't fight her. I was too weak, too sick, too dizzy with pinkness. *Maybe I should lie down*, I thought. *Maybe then the dizziness will pass.*

"They feel sorry for me," Julie whispered. "They won't bother us."

When we got to the bed, she pushed me onto the spread. I lay there on my back, shivering and sweating. She climbed over me, went up on her knees and positioned herself over my face. Then she lowered her cunt to my mouth.

She had shaved the hair there too. The stubble scratched my lips.

"Eat me, dammit," she whispered in a growl. "You owe it to me."

But I didn't eat her. I just tried to breathe. She put the full weight of her body on my face. She was trying to smother me!

I started to cry again and, sobbing, I hated Julie. The hate in me mixed up with the pain and the chills and the fever and gave me strength to fight her. I reached up and hit her on the side of the head, knocked her off me. I breathed deeply as she tumbled to the pink spread beside me.

She lay there, legs spread, shaved cunt open like a fresh wound, and stared at me. She was stunned by the blow. I knew that.

But I couldn't stop now. Somehow I thought Eleanor would want me to do more. I looked down at my cock. It was hard, as hard as it had been that morning with Eleanor. *Maybe Eleanor is in my head now*, I thought, *making me ready for Julie.*

I moved to my knees, grabbed Julie's legs and pulled her cunt toward me. I lifted her little, white ass and rammed my cock into her.

The fever, the dizziness was still in my head. Sweat poured from my face, but I thought of Eleanor and moved back and forth in Julie. Her growls tightened in her throat and became little squeals. She reached out on each side of her and grabbed the pink spread in her little fists. She lifted her legs up and pressed them against my body, but I knew she was not trying to push me away. I leaned forward, onto her legs, as her burred head tilted back. She rubbed her head against the bedspread, as if she had a terrible itch in her brain.

When I came, I felt some of the fever leave me. Maybe it had gone out of me and into Julie. Then I yanked out of her. She lowered her legs, reached up and pulled me toward her.

She kissed me, and this time her lips were wet. She ran her tongue over my face, licking feverish sweat, as if she wanted more of my illness inside her.

Then she stopped and looked at me. "Don't you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"We were lovers."

She smiled.

"We were lovers—until this morning. I was home all alone, and she came here and told me that she had been unfaithful to me, that she really did like men more than women, that she had found you. She said

you were like her husband, and she said she loved you."

Julie pushed me away and got off the bed. "She hated herself because she had hurt me," she said, walking to the mirror and looking again at her body. "She was confused. She had wanted to be my slave. And you are only 16. What would your parents think if they found out? She started to cry, and I reminded her of all the things she had said."

She ran her hand down her body and touched her shaved cunt. "She had said she would die if she ever hurt me. So that seemed to be the answer."

Julie walked toward the closet—a big closet that went across one side of the room. She touched the handle of the sliding door and turned back to look at me.

"She agreed to it."

She drew the door back slowly, walking with it until the whole closet was open to view.

There was Eleanor, naked, lying on the floor. The blood that ran from her throat onto the pink carpet had dried. Her eyes were open, and her head was turned toward the bed.

I sat up. "My God!"

"She lay down and told me to do it. I took my letter opener and cut her. It was very sharp. Then I drove her car to the bridge, and this afternoon I told my parents—"

"They'll find her!"

"I know. They'll find her tomorrow morning." She smiled. "They'll find me too."

Julie went to her knees beside Eleanor. She reached out and touched the pale-rose brow, brushed the long, red hair from Eleanor's face.

"You mean that you're going to kill yourself?" I asked.

She lay down on the carpet, moved her body next to Eleanor's, touched the dead breasts with her feverish fingers. She spoke to Eleanor. "We were lovers. What you didn't know was that I was your slave too." She kissed Eleanor's lifeless lips.

I tried to stand up then, but I fell. I gagged. I wanted to vomit, but nothing would come out. I was empty.

Julie took her mouth away from Eleanor's and stared into her eyes. But she spoke to me. "You may put on your pants and leave now."

I stood up slowly and reached down for my jeans. I had to sit down on the pink spread to pull them on. Then I stumbled from the room. I went down the stairs, holding my hand in front of my gaping zipper, my head reeling with the noise of the party below me, and I barged through a group of people to get to the door.

Outside, I stood on the cool, damp lawn. It had stopped raining. I took some deep breaths and wanted to go back in, wanted to kiss Julie good-bye. I knew I couldn't stop her from killing herself. I was too sick, too tired.

I heard a moan, and I turned my head toward the sound, toward the darkness

under a huge tree. I could make out the dress that lay on the wet grass.

I couldn't stop Julie, but her sister could. What was her name? Sue. That was it. Sue. She was old enough. She could go upstairs and keep her sister from killing again. I ran toward the tree. *Sue, I would tell her, Julie needs help. Your sister has killed—*

But when I got there, I said nothing. I just watched them. Sue was naked, lying on the grass, moaning. The policeman's head was between her legs. Sue opened her eyes and looked at me. She grinned.

I wanted to tell her about Julie and Eleanor, but I didn't. When I opened my mouth, I screamed.

"Draw me, Sue! Draw me!"

The policeman jerked up. "What the hell!?" He stumbled to his feet.

"Draw me!"

The last thing I remember is his fist coming toward my face.

Though the doctor here tells me it all happened more than ten years ago...

I have just finished writing the eulogy for Eleanor.

It is short, only a few sentences, but there will be no funeral. I will read the eulogy at the cemetery, and it will probably be raining.

Now I cannot stop writing. I have to tell the story. Maybe if I write it out, I will understand what happened today.

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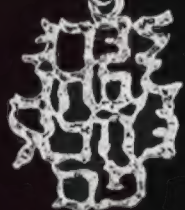
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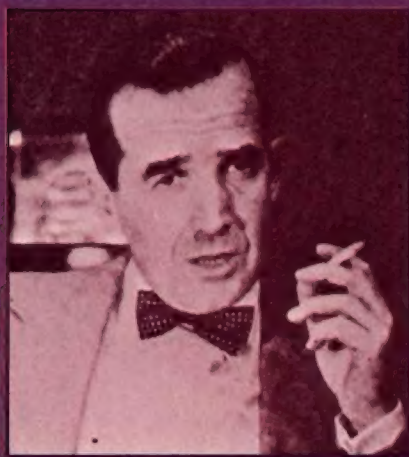
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